William Gamma

THE DIVILS CHARTER:

A TRAGÆDIE

Conteining the Life and Death of *Pope* ALEXANDER *the sixt.*

As it was plaide before the Kings Maiestie, upon Candlemasse night last: by his Maiesties Seruants.

But more exactly reuewed, corrected, and augmented, since by the Author for his priuate pleasure and profit of the reader.

AT LONDON

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TO THE
HONORABLE AND HIS
VERY DEARE FRIENDS
SIR WILLIAM HERBERT,
AND SIR WILLIAM
POPE *KNIGHTS*,
ASSOCIATES IN THE
NOBLE ORDER OF
THE BATHE.

BARNABE BARNES CONSE-
CRATETH HIS LOVE.

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The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

PROLOGVS.

GRacious spectators doe not heere expect,
Visions of pleasure, amorous discourse:
Our subiect is of blood and Tragedie,
Murther, foule Incest, and Hypocrisie.
Behold the Strumpet of proud Babylon,
Her Cup with fornication foaming full
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,
Which was impos'd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

SEnt from the Christall Palace of true *Fame*,
And bright Starre-Chamber of eterhall soules,
Seuerd from Angels fellowship awhile,
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:
I *Francis Guicciardine* a *Florentine*,
Am by the powerfull and commanding Muse,
(Which beareth domination in our soules)
Sent downe to let you see the Tragedie,
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,
Calld the sixt *Alexander*, with his sonne
Proud *Cæsar*: to present vnto your eyes,
Their faithlesse, feareless, and ambitious liues:
And first by what vngodly meanes and Art,
Hee did attaine the Triple-Diadem,
This vision offerd to your eyes declares.

Hee with a siluer rod mooueth the ayre three times.

Enter,

At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo *in his purple habit close in conference with them, one of which hee guideth to a Tent, where a Table is furnished with diuers bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich* [illegible] *braces, with ioyning of hands.* Exeunt *Card. Manet*

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in priuate whispering with Roderick, *whome the Monke draweth to a chaire on midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle, into which (after semblance of reading with exorcismes) ppeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuill in most vgly shape: from which* Roderigo *turneth his face, hee beeing coniured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace vnder his girdle:* Roderigo *disliketh. Hee discendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto* Alexander, *hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presentl the Pronotary strippeth vp* Alexanders *sleeue and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscribeth to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disrobed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set vpon* Alexanders *head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magicall booke: this downe with thunder and lightning the diuill discend:* Alexander *aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.*

Guicchiardine.

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupt
The purple conclaue: then by diuelish art
Sathan transfigur'd like a *Pronotarie*
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.
The life of action shall expresse the rest.

ACT.

ACTVS. 1. SCÆN. 1.

Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two ſeuerall places, King Charles *of France*, Gilbert Mompanſeir, *Cardinall of Saint* Peter ad Vincula: *ſoldiers: encountring them* Lodowik Sforza, Charles Balbiano, *the King of France and* Lodowike *embrace.*

Char. Renouned *Lodowik* our warlike Couzen,
Auſpiciouſly encountred on the skirtes
Of *Pied'mont*, we greete you ioyfully.
Lodo. Thriſe and foreuer moſt renowned *Charles*,
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart
As a iuſt herrold full of truth and honor
On the behalfe of forlorne *Italie*
Needing and craning at your Princely hands,
The patronage and true protection
Of ſuch a Potent and victorious King
Humbly ſalutes your royall Maieſty.
The ſhippe of which ſome-time well guided ſtate,
Is through tempeſtious times malignity
By worthleſſe Pilots, fooliſh Gouerners
Mutually factious, like to ſinck through Schiſme
Into the bottome of the blacke abiſme
Through th' impoſition of neceſſity.
Do not, oh do not then (moſt Chriſtian *Charles*)
Do not forſake hir holding vp hir hands
For ſuccor to your royall Clemency:
Hir ſayles are rent, maſtes ſpent and rudder brooke
And vnder water ſuch wide open leakes
As vnder water ſoone will make her ſinke.
Hauing beene bilg'd vpon ſo many ſhelues,
So torne, ſo rotten and ſo long vnrig'd,
And playing with the waues to and againe
As one not gouerned with helpe of helme.
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,
Hath tied to tender her forlorne eſtate
With eyes fore-ſeeing and compaſſionate,

Retenders her to your high Maieſtie,
A Chriſtian Prince ſo wiſe ſo valiant:
Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,
By lawfull right of that greate houſe of *Anion*:
Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,
By th'iſſues of that *Charles* the firſt, that firſt
Of the bloud royall of the Crowne of *France*,
Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie paſt.
Theſe reaſons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,
To moue your Maieſty with martiall force
To paſſe theſe mountaines to poſſeſſe your owne.
March then moſt Chriſtian and renowned Prince,
Aduance thy lilly ſtandard potent King:
And ſince all ſkandalls are remou'd and cleer'd,
Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along
In Gods name; with good auſpices of Saint *Denys*,
I know you doubt not mine integrity:
Can more groſſe error reſt in pollicy.
Then firſt to raiſe a turbulent ſharpe ſtorme,
And vnaduiſedly to leaue defence
To doubtfull chance and poſſibilities,
To broach ſtrong poyſon is too dangerous,
And not be certeine of the preſent vertue
Which is contained in his Antidot.
Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,
Euen to conſume them that firſt kindled it:
I did aduiſe you, I inducted you,
And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,
Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

Char. Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the ſoules
Of my forefathers I reioyce as much
In thy deare friendſhip and wiſe induſtrie,
As in the more parte of my patrimonie:
Courage togither let vs ſhare all one,
In life, in death, in purchaſe or in none.

Enter a Meſſenger with letters to Charles.

Theſe newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,
Adu[illegible]eth how that the Coloneſes,

Although

(Although *Alfonso* did accord with them,)
Declared haue them-selues for *France* and vs,
Without dissembling or hypocrisie.
Lodo. Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,
Our armies and our friends haue beene long sowne,
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,
And doubt not we shall haue a ioyfull harueſt.
Char. Cooſen *Montpanſier*
March with your regiments to *Pontremoli*,
Expect vs, or from vs directions,
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,
There shall you finde the *Swisse* with their Artillerie,
Newly by sea brought vnto *Spetia*,
Come Cooſen march we cheerefully together,
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire wether,
Mompanſier *with some ſouldiers and Enſignes before.*
King Charles *with* Lodowike *and his ſoldiers after.*

SCENA. 2.

Enter 2. Gentlemen with Libels in their hands.

1. *Gent.* Nay ſuch prophane and monſtrous *Sodomie*,
Such obſcure Inceſt and Adultery,
Such odious Auarice and perfidie,
Such vinolence and brutiſh gluttony,
So barren of ſincere integritie.
2. *Gent.* In whom there is no ſhame nor veritie,
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,
Such prophanation and Apoſtatie,
And in all falſehood ſuch dexteritie.
1. *Gent.* As heauens deteſt, and men on earth diſtaſte.
2. *Gent.* Such impious ſacriledge, ſuch adulation:
1. *Gent.* Of all good men ſuch deteſtation.
2. *Gent.* Such Magick skill, ſuch diuiliſh incantation,
2. *Gent.* Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.
2. *Gent.* As in all thoughts is thought abhomination.

1. *Gent.*

1. *Gent.* Time will out-ſtrip vs; for the morning ſtarre,
Portends the mounting of faire *Phœbus* Carre.
2. *Gent.* Haſt we, for danger drawne on by delay,
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.
1. *Gent.* Fix on your Papers, theſe for *Alexander*
And his ambitious *Caſar*: ſet on yours.
Hale reuerent Paſquill, Idoll of veritie, *As hee fixeth on his papers.*
Accept theſe ſacrifices which we bring.
2. *Gent.* Theſe be ſinne-offrings figuring foule vice.
Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke ſtrings
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance
With ſacred touch of ſweeteſt harmony:
Pitty theſe times, by whoſe malignitie,
We looſe our grace, and thou thy dignity.
1. *Gent.* High Muſe, which whilome vertues patronized,
In whoſe eternall rowles of memory
The famous acts of Princes were comprized
By force of euer-liuing Hiſtorie:
What ſhall wee doe to call thee backe againe?
True Chronicler of all immortall glory,
When here with mortall men nought is deuiſ'd,
But how all ſtories with foule vice to ſtaine:
So that alas thy gratious Oratorie,
Which with meere truth and vertue ſimpathiz'd,
Is ſilent; and wee Poets now with paine,
(Which in *Caſtalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles)
Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine;
And well thou woteſt, wrought againſt our wills,
In rugged verſe, vile matters to containe:
And herein lurkes the worſt of mortall ills,
That *Rome* (which ſhould be Vertues Paradice)
Bare of all good, is wilderneſſe of vice.
2. *Gent.* How luculent and more conſpicuous
Euen then the ſunne, in cleereſt Maieſtie,
His vehement and more then helliſh thirſt
Soaring to pearch vpon the ſpire of honour
Diſplaies his baſtard wings: and in that neſt

Where

Where princely Fawlcons, or *Ioues* kingly Birds,
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,
His graceleſſe, impious, and diſaſtrous ſonnes,
Euen in the ſoueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diueliſh Cardinall,
Proud *Cæſar*, fariſt, with fierce impietie:
His Oracle and inſtrument of ſhame
In all nefarious plotts and practiſes,
Is now become as wicked as himſelfe:
But haſt we now, leaſt any ſhould ſuſpect vs.

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Paſquill* may detect vs.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA. 3.

Enter Giſmond di Viſſelli, *and after him* Barbaroſſa.

Bar. *Dio vi guarda Signior illuſtriſſimo*: whether in ſuch haſt my noble Lord thus early?

Giſ. *Signior Barbaroſſa* in happy time well encountred, for I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning with my brother the Duke of *Candie*, wherein I would both vſe your counſell and countenance.

Bar. My good Lord *Viſelli*, the countenance of your deuoted poore friend, is of leſſe value then his counſell, yet both of very ſmall validity: ſuch as they be, with his life and beſt fortunes he ſincerely ſacrificeth all to your ſeruice.

Giſ. Pardon mee deere ſir no ſeruice more then reciprocall, and in due paritie betwixt vs, and ſince wee be ſo neere it, let vs not paſſe *Paſquill* without an *Aue*: what ſcandalous hyeroglyphickes haue wee heere?

A. S. P. M.
Auaritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,
Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.
Againſt my Lord the Popes holineſſe ſuch blaſphemous impudence, ſuch intollerable bitterneſſe!

M. P. S. A. Theſe are the ſame letters with the firſt beginning at the laſt, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichriſtus. Phy Diabolo*, our bleſſed *Alexander* (beeing *Saint Peeters* ſucceſſor) this diuliſh libeller calls *Antichriſt*.

Bar. Pause there my Lord a litle, some-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia.*

Gis. Read it good *Barbarossa.*

Bar. *Alexander Cæsarem suum Galero et purpura donauit vt menstruoso spiritus sui veneno, vniuersum simul conclaue suffocaret.*

Gis. Oh most intollerable abhomination?

Bar. *Allexander* adopted his sonne *Cæsar* into the fellowship of Cardinalls, that he with the menstruous poyson of his breath might choake the whole Conclaue.

Gis. By the blessed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie surpasseth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gis. Read it good *Barbarossa*: more mischeife of my wife, nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum?* Romæ *facta est* Lucretia Thais,
Vnica Alexandri *filia, sponsa nurus.*
The same in effect insueth.
Welcome good Post from *Rome* tell vs some newes,
Lucrece is turned *Thayis* of the stewes:
In whome her father *Alexander* saw,
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gis. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. *Francesco di Gonsaga* was the first,
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,
And yet the Pope those bains of bridale burst,
And made of marriage sacrament a laughter,
His reason was because that fellow poore,
Lackt maintenance for such a noble whore.

Gis. Malignant aspect of vngratious stars,
Why haue you poynted at my miseries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the rest,

Gis. *Patienza per forza*, but this wounds to th'quick.

Bar. *Iohn Sforza* now Lord *Marques* of *Pescare*,
Was second husband to this ioly dame,
Of natures faculties he being bare,
In like state with his predecessor came,
Because he, when he should haue writ his mind,

Paper well might; but pen or incke none finde.
Gif. Oh villainies of monſtrous people,
Faſhions and times deformed and vnſeaſonable,
Bar. Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your owne cauſe
Gif. Mallice performe thy worſt leaſt comming late,
I with anticipation croſſe that fare. Read it, toot man.
Bar. Giſmond Viſelli, nobly deſcended,
Is for his ſhamefull match much diſcommended.
For neuer was the ſhameleſſe *Fuluia*,
Nor *Lais* noted for ſo many wooers,
Nor that vnchaſt profuſe *Sempronia*.
A common dealer with ſo many dooers,
So proud, ſo faithleſſe, and ſo voyd of ſhame,
As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,
Take to thee *Giſmond* both the ſkorne and ſhame,
And liue long iealous of *Lucretia*.
With puſhing hornes keepe out all commers in,
For now thy mortall miſeries begin.
Gif. Mortall miſeries? but we are all mortall,
Fortune I ſcorne thy malice, and thy meed,
Keepe them vp ſafe that I may ſhew them to his holines,
Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*
Hath giuen to beaſtly *Bardes*, and ſatyriſts,
Ribbaldly Rimeſters, and malicious curs,
To leaue no ſtate of Church nor ſeculer,
Free from their ordure, and polution.
Good *Barbaroſſa* beare me Company:
Exile and Puniſhment for ſuch baſe poets,
And ſtripes with wiery ſcourges were too litle.
Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking grace
From the faire Sunne-ſhine of this hemiſphere,
Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath,
Obumbrating this light by which they liue,
If theſe were truth: this times impietie,
May ſoone ſincke downe vnder the diety. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 4.

Alexander *in his ſtudy with bookes, coffers, his triple Crowne vpon a cuſhion before him.*

Alex. With what expence of money plate and iewels
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witneſſe:
But *Aſtaroth* my couenant with thee
Made for this ſoule more pretious then all treaſure,
Aſſlicts my conſcience, O but *Alexander*
Thy conſcience is no conſcience; if a conſcience,
It is a leoprouſe and poluted conſcience.
But what? a coward for thy conſcience?
The diuill is witneſſe with me when I ſeald it
And cauteriz'd this conſcience now ſeard vp
To baniſh out faith, hope and charity;
Vſing the name of Chriſtian as a ſtale
For *Arcane* plots and intricate deſignes
That all my miſty machinations
And Counſels held with black *Tartarian* fiends
Were for the glorious ſunne-ſhine of my ſonnes;
That they might mounte in equall paralel
With golden maieſty like *Saturnes* ſonne
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.
That, that was it, which I ſo much deſir'd
To ſee my ſonnes through all the world admir'd,
In ſpight of grace, conſcience, and *Acharon*
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

Alexander readeth,

Sedebis Roma Papa, ſumma in felicitate tui et
Filiorum anne; 11. et 7. dies 8. poſt moriere.
Prouiſo quod nunquam te ſignes tremenda
Crucis ſigno.

Aſtaroth.

Was diuill prouideth in his couenant
I ſhould not croſſe my ſelfe at any time;
I neuer was ſo ceremonious.
Well this rich Miter thought it coſt me deare
Shall make me liue in pompe whilſt I liue heere.

Holla *Bernardo*? *He tincketh a bell.*
Call hether my two ſonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the
Cardinall of *Valence*.
Happie thoſe ſonnes whom fathers loue ſo well
That for their ſakes they dare aduenture hell.
Enter the Duke *of* Candy *and* Cæſar Borgia
ſtriuing for priority.
Come my deare ſonnes the comfort of my life
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.
Cannot the ſpacious boundes of *Italy*
Diuided equally containe you both?
From *France* and *Swiſſerland* I will beginne
With *Naples* and thoſe Townes in *Peadmont*
And all the ſignories in *Lombardy*
From *Porto di Volane* to *Sauona*
And *Genes* on th' other ſide of *Italy*
Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;
Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.
And in *Romania* from *Pontremoli*
And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence
In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*
And fruitful *Arno* thoſe ſweete Prouinces
Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *Policaſtro*
And *Petraſilia* in *Calabria*
The furtheſt home of *Italy* for *Cæſar*.
Gaine dubble ſtrength with your vnited loues
Loue one another boies you ſhal be Kings:
Fortune hath beene auſpicious at my birth
And will continue gratious to mine end.
Caſtor and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen
Vnleſſes they might be ſtellified togither,
You for a little-turfe of earth contend
When they togither ſhine the welkin cleeres:
And gentle gales beare fourth the winged ſailes,
But when they ſhine a parte they threaten ſtormes
And hiddeous tempeſts to the Marriners
Caſtor would not be called but *Pollux Caſtor*
And *Caſtor Caſtors Pollux*: ſo my *Candy*

Be *Cæsars Candy*, *Cæsar*, *Candies Cæsar*,
With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another
So either shal be strengthened by his brother.
Ca. Most blessed reuerend and renowned father,
The loue by nature to my brother *Candy*,
Enforceth me some-times in plainer sort
To cleere my conscience issuing from pure loue,
It is meere loue which mooues these passions,
When I do counsell or aduise your good.
Ca. I know deere brother when your counsell tends
Vnto my good, it issueth from pure loue.
Ca. As when I tax your princely conscience
Like an vnpitted penetentiarie,
Brother with reuerence of his Holinesse
Your heart is too much spic'd with honesty.
Alex. I and I feare me he will find it so,
Your brother *Cæsar* tells you very true:
You must not be so ceremonious
Of oathes and honesty, Princes of this world
Are not prickt in the bookes of conscience,
You may not breake your promise for a world:
Learne this one lesson looke yee marke it well,
It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promise,
For Princes (forc'd by meere necessity
To passe their faithfull promisses) againe
Forc'd by the same necessity to breake promise.
Ca. And for your more instructiõs learne these rules!
If any Cedar, in your forrest spread,
And ouer-peere your branches with his top,
Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,
Suborne informers or by snares intrap
That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;
Or els insnare him in the Lions toyles.
What though the multitude applaud his fame:
Because the vulgar haue wide open eares
Mutter amongst them and possesse their hearts
That his designements wrought against the state
By which yea wound him with a publicke hate.

So let him periſh, yet ſeeme pittifull
Cherriſh the weakeneſſe of his ſtocke and race
As if alone he meritted diſgrace.
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.
Alex. *Cæſar* deliuereth Oracles of truth.
Tis well ſayd *Cæſar*, yet attend a little,
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.
Suppoſe two factious Princes both thy friends
Ambitious both, and both competitors,
Aduance in hoſtile armes againſt each other
Ioyne with the ſtrongeſt to confound the weake
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne,
Your neereſt Charity concernes your ſelfe;
Els let him periſh; yet ſeeme charitable.
As if you were meerely compoſ'd of vertue:
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they ſeeme,
Not what they be themſelues; all is opinion:
And all this world is but opinion.
Looke what large diſtance is twixt Heauen and Earth,
So many leagues twixt wealth and honeſty:
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits
Of honeſt conſciences; ſtarue on the Common.
Cæſar can tell thee this in ample ſorte.
And *Cæſar* loue him, loue him hartily;
Though mildeneſſe do poſſeſſe thy brother *Candie*,
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.
Can. Vnder correction of your Holineſſe,
Thoſe warres which vertue leuies againſt vice,
Are onely knowne to ſome particulers
Which haue them wrytten in their conſciences.
Thoſe are the ſame they ſeeme, and in ſuch warres
Your ſonne ſhall make remonſtrance of his valour,
And ſo become true Champion of the Church.
Caſ It is the precious Ornament of Princes
To be ſtrong hearted, proud, and valiant,
But well attempred with callidity,

Brother

Brother with reuerence of his holineſſe
(Whoſe ſacred words like bleſſed Oracles
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Cæſar* would
Haue giuen the like aduiſe : but (in concluſion)
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confuſion.

Enter Barnardo.

Ale. Vpon my bleſſing follow *Cæſars* counſell;
It tendeth to thy glory.

Bern. Moſt bleſſed Lord,
Embaſſadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*
Arriued heere attend your holineſſe.

Ale. This is a welcome meſſenger for *Godfrey*,
To make a marriage with the Lady *Saunce*:
And *Candy* for ſo much as this requires
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor
And bid him welcome with due complements.
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;
Let them be feaſted in more ſumpteous ſort
Then ordinary meſſengers of ſtate:
Obſerue his ſpeeches, fathome his deſignes;
And for I know thy nature tractable,
And full of courteſie : ſhew courteſie
And good intreatie to them : *Gentle Candie*
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a polititian;
I neede not giue thee large inſtructions;
For that I know thee wiſe, and honorable
Greete them from vs : *Cæſar* ſhall at a turne
Giue correſpondence to thy courteſie :
I as well ſitteth with my ſtate and honor
Within theſe ten daies wil admit them hearing:
Meane while learne out by lore of policie
The ſubſtance of their motions, that we may
Be better arm d to giue them reſolution.

Can. Your holineſſe in this ſhall ſee my skill,
To do you ſeruice, *Exit Candy.*

Alex. *Cæſar* now to thee.
This taske vpon thy ſhoulders onely leanes;
I reſt vpon thee *Cæſar*: were it not

That

That thou muſt ſecond it, or firſt it rather
I durſt not truſt ſuch things of conſequence,
To feeble ſpirits: therefore from our ſtables
Six *Perſian* Courſers arm'd and furniſhed
With rich Capariſons of gold and Pearle,
With ſix rich Complet Armors for their ſaddles,
And ſuch a Cabbinet of pretious Iewels
As we ſhall chooſe within to morrow morning
Preſent from vs in token of our loue.
Let for no coſt in ſumptuous banqueting,
Beleeue me *Cæſar* ſome-times at a banquet,
More ground is got then at a bloudy battell.
Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,
If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,
Fine, witty, loue-ſick, braue, and beautifull,
Eloquent, glancing, full of fantaſies.
Such Sugar harted *Syrens*, or ſuch Commets,
As ſhine in our imperiall ſtate of *Rome*,
True pick-locks in cloſe wards of policie,
Preſent them with the Paragons of *Rome*:
And ſpare not for a Million in expence,,
So long as here they keepe their reſidence.

Cæſar. *Cæſar* in ſuch a caſe will prooe true *Cæſar*,
Wiſe, franke, and honorable.

Alex. I doubt it not:
And *Cæſar*, (as thou dooſt imbrace my loue,
More then the world beſides) accompliſh this,
And wee ſhall *Cæſar* with high bleſſings bliſſe, *Exit*

Cæſ. By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,
Befitted for a buſineſſe of bloud,
Neerely concerning her eſtate and mine. *Exit.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Lucretia *alone in her night gowne vntired, bringing in a chaire, which ſhe planteth vpon the Stage.*

Luc. *Lucretia* caſt off all ſeruile feare,

Reuenge thy ſelfe vpon thy iealous husband
That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed:
Feare not; with reſolution act his death:
Let none of *Borgias* race in policies
Exceed thee *Lucrece*: now proue *Cæſars* Siſter,
So deepe in bloudy ſtratagems as hee:
All ſinnes haue found examples in all times,
If womanly thou melt then call to minde,
Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,
And raging *Cliteminestraes* hideous fact:
Progne ſtrange murther of her onely ſonne,
And *Danaus* fifty Daughters (all but one)
That in one night, their husbands ſleeping ſlew.
My cauſe as iuſt as theirs, my heart as reſolute,
My hands as ready. *Giſmond* I come,
Hald on with furie to reuenge theſe wrongs
And loue impoiſon'd with thy iealouſie,
I haue deuiſed ſuch a curious ſnare,
As iealious *Vulcan* neuer yet deuiſ'd,
To graſpe his armes vnable to reſiſt,
Deaths inſtruments incloſed in theſe hands.

Shee kneeleth downe.

You grieſly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,
Which ſpit out vengeance from your viperous heires,
Infuſe a three-fold vigor in theſe armes;
Imarble more my ſtrong indurate heart,
To conſumate the plot of my reuenge.

Shee riſeth and walketh paſſionately.

Enter Giſmond di Viſelli *vntruſſed in his Night-cap, tying his points.*

Heere comes the ſubiect of my Tragedy.

Giſ. What my *Lucretia* walking alone?
Theſe ſolitarie paſſions ſhould bewray
Some diſcontentment, and thoſe gracious eyes
Seeme to be moon'd with anger, not with loue:
Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Giſmond* know?

Luc. Demaundſt thou the cauſe iniurious *Giſmond*?
When like a ecluſe (ſhut vp from the world)

Iliue

I liue close prisoner to thy iealousie?
The' *Esperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,
The golden fruit then thou my fatall beauty:
Thou wouldst exclude me from the sight of Sunne,
But that his beames breake through some crevisies
Thou wouldst debarre me from the common ayre,
But that against my will I suck it in,
And breath it out in scalding sighes againe:
Were I in *Naxos* where no noise is heard
But *Neptunes* rage no sights but rutheleſſe rocks.
Or in the *Libian* deserts, or exchang'd
This Hemisphere of *Rome* for th' *Antipodes*,
Were not so grievous as to dwell in *Rome*,
Banish'd from sight and conference of friends.
Gis. Iam I thou my iealousie? nay blame thy beauty,
And loue imprison'd in those amorous lookes:
I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,
Leaſt he more wondring at thy precious eyes,
Then any Nimphes which hē most honored,
Shou'd beare thee to some other Paradice,
And rob me, silly man, of this worlds ioy.
I feare the windes leaſt amorous *Ioue* in them,
(Enuying such pretious nature amongst men)
With extreame passion hence should hurry thee.
Oh loue is full of feare . all things I feare,
By which I might be frustrate of thy loue.
Luc. Scoffst thou mee *Gismond* with continuall taunts?
Oh God of heauens, shall I both suffer shame
And scorne, with such dispisd captiuitie.
Gis. Here in the presence of the powers in Heauen,
I doe not speake in scorne, but in meere loue:
And further *Lucrese*, (of thy clemencie,
For loue, and beautie, both are riche in bountie)
Forgiue me what is past, and I will sweare,
Neuer to vex thee with more iealousie.
Luc. Thou wilt forsweare thy selfe: *Gismond* come hither?
Sit downe and answer me this question. *Gismond sitteth downe in a Chaire*, Lucretia *on a stoole beside him.*

When I beſtowed on thee this diamond
A Iewell once held precious as my life;
And with it caſt away my ſelfe on thee
Didſt thou not promiſe to maintaine mine honour,
Neither in word nor deed to giue ſuſpect
Of thy diſlike; and haſt thou not ſince then
In preſence of my neereſt Noble friends
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?
Giſ. When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:
And was poſſeſt of vertue, when I vow'd
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,
Broken within the ring, his foile growne dimme,
The vertue vaniſht, and the luſter loſt.
She graſpeth him in his chaire.
Lu. I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes.
Theſe taunting riddles, and cloſe libellings
Giſ. Oh helpe I am ſtrangled.
She ſtoppeth his mouth, pulleth out his dagger and offereth to gagge him.
Lu. Peace wretched villaine, then reciue this quickly:
Or by the liuing powers of heauen ile kill thee.
She gaggeth him, and taketh a paper out of her booſome.
Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe, I will not kill.
Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my ſhame,
With which thy iealouſie did me defame.
Giſmonde ſubſcribeth.
So now that part is playd, what followes now?
Thou Robbauld, Cuckcold, Raſcall, Libeller,
Pernicious Lecher voide of all performance;
Periurious Coxcombe, Foole, now for thoſe wrongs
Which no great ſpirit could well tollerate
Come I, with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule.
Take this for ſclandring of his Holineſſe

My blessed father and my brother *Cæsar* *She stabbeth*
With incest: this take for my brother *Candy*:
And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongest;
And since the time is shorte I will be shorte:
For locking vp of me, calling me whore,
Setting espialls tending at my taile;
Take this, and this & this to make amends. *three stabs togither.*
And put thee from thy paines;
She vnbindeth him, layeth him on the grownd, putteth the dagger in his hand, a paper on his knee, & taking certaine papers out of his pocket putteth in others in their steede: & cõueieth away the chaire
Now will my father *Alexander* say
That I did take the best and safest way,
And *Cæsar* will approue it with his heart,
That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte.
If others aske who *Gismonde* kild or why
It was himselfe repenting iealousie. *Exit* Lucretia.

Barbaroſſa knocketh at a dore.

Bar. Holla within there?
Why fellowes?
Seruingman. Heere my Lord.
Bar. What is my Lord *Viselli* stirring yet?
My Lord the Pope expects him, and the ambassadors
Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter* Bar. *and Seruingman.*
Ser. My Lord I haue not seene him yet this morning.
Bar. Is not your Lady *Lucrece* stirring yet?
Ser. No my good Lord I thinke shee be not yet come from her chamber, her custome is not to be seene so soone.
Bar. Tis well, tis wel, let her take ease in gods name,
But make hast, call vp my Lord thy maister honest fellow.
Ser. With patience of your Lordship I will speake:
For three daies space I did finde in my Lord
Passionate motions, and strange melancholie
T'may be his solitude hath drawne him forth,
I will first looke the garden and the galleries.
Bar. Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?

As Barbaroſſa goes on hee findeth Viselli *murthered vpon the grownd, and starteth.*

Fellow

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back:
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;
Call in your fellow seruants. *Deh 'anta Croce.*
This dagger grasped in his fatall hand
Reueales some violence, wrought on himselfe:
Could nature so much violate her selfe?
Was it not wrought by bloudy *Borgias* race?
I doubt in this the diuills hypochrisie,
Iustice of Heauens sume and inscrutable
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

Enter Lucrecia *with* Moticilla.

Luc. Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?
Bar. Tarry Lady.
Approch not neere this ruthfull spectacle;
Approch not neere this spectacle of bloud,
This ruthfull spectacle of bloud and death,
Least suddaine horror of these bleeding wounds
Wound thy distracted spirits to pale death.
Luc. What horror or what mortall spectacle,
Vpon such suddaine hath astonished me?
Oh my deere Lord: *Viselly* speake to me:
Oh most disastrous accident and houre;
Ay me most wretched and vnfortunate,
My deerest Lord the treasure of my life,
The sweetest paradice of my best hopes,
Is murthred: seeke out the murtherers
Leaue not vnsearcht a corner nor a Crany:
Locke vp the dores there, least that homicide
Escape vs in this passion ——————.
Bar. Haue patience Lady,
Heauens will reueale the murther doubt it not.
Luc. Ah Noble *Barbarossa* much I feare
Now with these eyes I see the murtherer,
Staind with the guilt of nature; oh my Lord
You little know that these weake womans hands
Twise rescued haue the violence of his
From killing of himselfe before this time:
Oh fie vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which

Which leaue me desolate a forelorne widdow.

Mot. Madam these papers will bewray some matter.

Luc. Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

Bar. These do containe some matter read them Lady.

Luc. My heart swolne vp with sorrow, lends no light
Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue
To see one letter, or to reade one word,
I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbarossa*.

Barbarossa readeth.

I *Gismond di Viselli* through desperate griefe conceiued in iealousie (which I bare against my Lady *Lucrecia*) hauing found out by much triall, and examination her faithfulnesse and innocency, make this my protestation as the last piacular oblation to her for those wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands I haue ended my life, desiring her and all others to forgiue me, and pray for me, subscribed with mine owne hand, and sealed with my seale. *Gismond de Visells.*

Il veleno d'amore,
A me trafisse il cuore.

Mot. Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his soule.

Luc. This is his hand and seale, speake now my Lord:
Did not I soone disclose the murtherer?
Told I not that the murtherer was present?
Ah neuer neuer shall I liue to see. *she soundeth.*

Bar. Comfort you selfe deere Lady God will send succor
Your husband hath paied deerely for these wrongs.

Luc. Giue me my Lord againe, death shall not haue him,
Come my deere *Gismond*, come againe my ioye:
Delay me not least I preuent thy loue
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* shall follow.

Lucrece *offereth to stab her selfe* Barbarossa *preuenteth her.*

Bar. Tempt not Gods iustice Lady, fall to praier,
Helpe, in there take your Lord out of her sight.

Luc. Oh my deare friends that see my miseries,
I you beseech in dearest tendernesse
Bring in the body of my dearest Lord;

That

That I before my death may (with these eyes)
Behold him honor'd in his obsequies.
Bar. And I wil beare these papers to his Holines,
Whose sorrow wil exceed for *Gismonds* death. *Exeunt.*
Enter Guicchiardin.
Cho. Thus foule suspition, feare and iealousie
Of shame, dishonor, and his wiues hot lust,
Hath seaz'd vpon *Visell*; whose reuenge,
Was to restraine *Lucrece* from Company.
But swelling pride, and lust, both limitles,
Answer'd his louing feare and shame with death.
Attend the sequell. Now successiuely
(After such warlike preparations,
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)
King *Charles* with fifteene hundred men at armes,
Three thousand Archers, with six thousand *Swisse*.
French men, and *Gascons* twise as many more,
With martiall measures, ouer *Piemont*
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,
With *Milans* force, and now his trumpets hard,
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue fresh allarms,
Vnto the Pope, who stirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Alexander *with a Lintstock in his hand; with him* Cæsar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini, *the* Castilian, Gasper de fois M^r^. *of the ordinance.*

Alex. *Castillian* take fiue hundred harguebusse,
Two hundred Arbalastes, and fortifie,
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebastian*,
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* should enter,
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo*.
Pic. Our souldiers ready be with match in cocke,
T'attend this seruice, and our scurriers,
Are now return'd hauing discryd King *Charles*,
His ensigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horſe,
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit* Piccolo.
Alex. Brauely bring on your companies bold hearts,
Gaſpar de Fois, are thoſe two *Baſiliskes*,
Already mounted on their carriages?
Gaſp. They bee.
Alex. We make you maiſter of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth his Linſtock.*
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian*.
Plant ſix more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all ſpeed,
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,
Powder and ſhot, with Ladles for their charge,
See none be wanting; ſet them to their taske.
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,
To further your fortifications. *Exit* Gaſper.
Caſ. Pleaſeth your Holineſſe to giue me leaue,
It fitteth well with our owne purpoſes,
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without reſtraint,
Leaſt he by rigor ſhould vſurpe that leaue,
Which to reſiſt were vaine and dangerous.
Beleeue me Father we muſt temporize.
Caraff. Beſides you ſee how the *Calabrian* Duke,
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabaſtian*,
Not one houre paſt, hath iſſued and left *Rome*.
Now though you do ſuſpect, conceale all doubts:
For you ſhall finde this ſure and commonly,
Dangers accompany ſuſpition,
Alex, We will embrace that courſe, but with your leaue,
In *Caſtle Angelo* Capitulate:
Standing (as beſt befits vs) on our guarde.

Enter Piccolomini, Gaſper de Fois, *with ſmall ſhot Enſigne, Drummes and Trumpets.*

Piccol. Tis time your Holineſſe tooke to your guard,
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conquereth)
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caske,
And with a Launce reſting vpon his thigh,
Already with his forces hath poſſeſt

The ſuberbs, and is now come to the gates.
Ale. We are reſolued: *Gaſper de fois* take heed,
On paine of death no ſouldier be ſo bould
As to diſchardge one peece or arbalaſt,
Before th'alarme being giuen from them,
Wee with a culuering from Caſtle *Angelo*,
Proclame hoſtility: troope on a pace,
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,
The worſt of reſolution is with ſwords.
Exeunt with drums and trumpets.
Enter with drums and trumpets: King Charles,
Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, *and* Aſcanio, Lodwick Sforza: Mompanſier *enſignes ſouldiers.*
Charles Thus far with much applauſe in ioyfull martch,
With good ſucceſſe and hopefull augurie,
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,
Not litle wondering that his Holines,
Doth giue ſuch ſlender welcome to our troups.
Lod. Your maieſty may well perceaue how feare,
And iealeous iudgement of a wounded conſcience,
Workes hard in *Alexander*.
Aſc. And how foxe-like.
(Houlding newtrality the ſureſt gard)
He coopes himſelfe in Caſtle *Angelo*.
Mon. Pleaſeth your maiſtie to giue a ſummons,
Vnto the Caſtle for ſome parliance,
Vpon ſuch articles as were ſet downe,
Char. Come we wil touch him, ſummon forth a parle.
ſound drum anſwer a trumpet,
Enter Piccolomini *vpon the walls.*
What office beare you marching on thoſe walls,
We made no ſummons to confer with you.
Pic. Moſt Chriſtian prince pleaſeth your mightines,
I am Caſtillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.
Char. To bid defiance to our forces?
Pic. Noe moſt gracious Lord,
But to ſalute you from his Holines.

Mom-

Mon. What is he ſicke?
Pic. Not very well diſpoſ'd,
S. Pe. *ad vin.* Nor euer was, nor will be well diſpoſ'd.
Cha, An other ſummons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol,*
Sound drums, anſwere trumpet.
Alexander *vpon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt* Cæſar Borgia *and* Caraffa *Cardinalls, before him the Duke of* Candie *bearing a ſword, after them* Piccolomini Gaſperdeſois,
Ale. Moſt Chriſtian *Charles*, here I ſalute your grace,
Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,
If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.
Char. In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,
We litle thought it our moſt holy father,
That our alegeance to the Church of *Rome*,
Which we with all our predeceſſors tendred,
Should haue enforc'd you to take ſanctuary.
Alex. Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,
In feare as to ſome refuge or aſyle:
But for aſmuch as news were brought in poſt,
That you with all your forces did approch,
Arm'd and in hoſtile manner to this Citty,
The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the ſafty,
Of holy Church, and ſacred priuiledge,
To know your meaning firſt, and then with pomp,
To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,
In the beſt faſhion with due ceremonies.
Char. Know then moſt holy father what we would,
Hauing in tedious marcht from *France* thus far,
Paſt with our forces God ſtil guiding vs,
(As we be deepely bound by lawes of nature.
And reaſon to worke ſurely for our right)
We left noe buſie doubts, nor obſtacles,
Which might preuent vs in our iuſt impreaſe,
Hence was it that we did Capitulate,
So ſtrictly with the crafty *Florentines*,
Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonſoes* part.
And this made *Venice* ioyne in league with vs.
Yet hauing notice that your Holines.

Both with *Alphonso* (that vsurpes my Crowne)
And his sonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in
Vpon considerations of more weight;
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.
Lod. And there to craue some certaine Cautions
Of your indifferency to his iust title
Had in the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore first
We do require (if you these parties tender,
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;
This Castle which you now retaine against vs.
Can. Why *Lodowick*? the wethercocke is turnd,
The winde stands faire, but how long will that hold?
So may we put in hazard our whole Church
The deere estate of Christes flock militant
And bring confusion vnto Christendome.
Alex. So may you seaze vpon the Churches rights,
If that we should referre all to your trust.
Can. This is Saint *Peters* bul-warke; for my parte
Here I will die ere I surrender it.
Cha. Now find I true which cómon bruite proclameth
Of your bad meanings and hypochrisie:
But I referre your conscience to that Iudge
Whom (if my conscience harber any thought
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)
I call in iustice to reuenge on me.
Ca. Renowned *Charles*, suppose we should surrender?
How may we be secured that you will
Restore it, after your imprease at *Naples*.
Char. The faith and honour of a Christian King.
Ale. Your faith & honor? stay most Christian *Charles*
Men will not yeeld vp Castels vpon wordes
Vnles their states, and liues grow desperate.
Mount. Why make we longer parlee with this Pope
Whose false-hood is so much that neither oth,
Nor honesty can purchase place with him.
Lodo. Who neuer yet in cause of consequence
Hath kept his promise.

Char.

Char. Tell vs, will yee graunt?
Alex. What ſhould we graunt moſt Chriſtian King of *France*
And tell me truly (were it your owne caſe)
Whether you would (on ſuch ſlight promiſes)
Accord to ſuch vneuen conditions?
Char. We did not thinke our royall promiſes
Had beene ſo ſlightly cenſur'd in your heart:
But ſince we finde your infidelities
We muſt requite it with extremity,
Couzen *Mountpanſeir*.
Mount. My Lord.
Char. Forthwith cauſe ten braſſe peeces with their ſhot
And powder to be drawne out of Saint *Markes*;
Such as you finde moſt fit for battery.
You will not here vs now, we ſpeake ſo low:
Standing aloft you proudly ſcorne inferiors;
Weele ſend our mindes, written in firy notes.
Caraf. Giue doubtfull anſwers, bee not peremptory
Leaſt through your heate, his rage exſaperate.
Caſ. Offer vnto him on his Princely word,
The ſtrength of *Terracina* for a pledge.
Alex. Victorious *Charles*, ſuch is my truſt and loue
That neither feare of force nor violence
Could any wayes induce me to ſuſpect you.
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened
(At our beheſts) to giue you gueſtning.
Accept vs therefore with our promiſes,
Which we ſhall vnder hand and ſeale confirme
Not any way to Croſſe your action.
Char. If you will yeeld vp Caſtell *Angelo*
Reſolue vs preſently without delaies?
Caſ. Becauſe it is Saint *Peeters* Cittadell
The conclaue is in doubt to make ſurrender.
Char. You will not yeeld then?
Can. We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.
Char. Why then a parle with our ordinance.

Sound drummes and trumpets: Alexander *with his companie of the walles, ordinance goeing of (after a little skirmish within) hee ſummons from the Caſtell with a trumpet; anſwere to it below; Enter* Alexander *vpon the walls as before.*

Alex. What come yee to make pillage of the Church,
Which held you deere as her chiefe Champion?
For beare your violence in the name of God:
Fearing the ſcourge, and thunder from aboue,
Our offers are both iuſt and reaſonable.
Caſ. Peeces which are of more validity
We meane to tender to your Maieſty.
Char. What are thoſe peeces you would tender vs.
Alex. To render preſently the Cittadells
Of *Terracina*, *Cinita Vecchia*, and *Spoleto*.
Char. And we receiue them very thankfully.
S. Padvin. Our voices of the cõclaue paſſe, that *Charles*
Shalbe poſſeſt of Caſtell *Angelo*.
Aſ. And if your meaning with your words accord
We dare ingage our ſoules for reſurrender.
Ale. Your ſoules? foh foh they ſtinck in ſight of God & man,
Your ſoules? why they be fould to *Lucifer*,
Your conſciences are of ſo large a laſt
That you would ſell Saint *Peters* Patrimony,
As *Eſau* did his heritage for broath.
Pee. ad Vi. Thou moſt prophaine & impious Moabite;
So full of vices and abominable,
No Pope but *Lucifer* in *Peters* Chaire.
Aſ. Renowned *Charles* pull downe this Antichriſt;
Aduance ſome worthy father in his place.
Your fame ſhall liue with all poſterities
VVho from a wicked Biſhops tiranny
Infranchiſed the Church of God miſguided;
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)
The names of *Pepin* and King *Charlemaine*
Your predeceſſors, were eternized
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,
Out of vngodly perſecutions.

Lode.

Lodo. A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;
Ambitious, auaritious, shameles, diuilish,
And that and which your experience testifies)
One that with mortall malice hates the *French*:
By whome this reconcilation made
Was more in feare, and hard necessity
Then faithfull inclination, or good will.
Alex. Iscraiot, reprobate apostata,
I charge thee to desist and make submission
VVith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*
On paine of euerlasting reprobation.
Asca. Blasphemous exorsist, heere are no diuills
VVhich thou canst coniure, with thy diuilish spirit.
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne
Which most vngodly man thou dost vsurp.
Those robes pontificall which thou prophanest,
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein (like Antichrist)
Thou doest aduance thy selfe thou man of sinne.
Sa. P. ad Vi. Saint *Peeter* doth make challenge to those keyes,
Which (in those hands defil'd with bloud and bribes)
Thou like a prophane deputy dost hold.
Ascan. That sword (with which thou sholdst strike Antichrist)
Thou like proud Antichrist, conuerted hast
Vpon the members of Christes chosen flocke;
Saint *Paule* demaundes his sword, *Peter* his keyes:
Alex. Forbeare your blasphemies, what know yee not
Christes Vicar generall chosen on earth?
Haue not I power to binde and loose mens sinnes,
And soules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?
Come take Saint *Peters* Chaire proud heretiks;
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:
But he, that made it, did not for you make it.
Ascanio thou wouldst haue these Golden keies;
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*
And *Pseudo Paulus* would haue Saint *Paules* sword, *his keies.*
Ordained for his decollation.
Sonne *Charles* (since we capitulate with you)
Me thinkes you should not suffer these affront vs.

Char.

Char. Forbeare your idle velletations,
Angring and rubbing vp the feſtred ſcarres
Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrels,
We come not here to foſter factions,
All are in one accorded, all are friends.
But yet moſt Holy-Father, let me craue,
Two fauours more, both very reaſonable;
Firſt that you pardon both theſe Cardinalls,
And other Barons which pertake with me.
Then that the brother of great *Baiaſet*,
That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and laſt to *Rome*,
With the protection of Pope *Innocent*
Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd
Into my hands, when after-time ſhall ſerue
For my beſt vantage in thoſe holy warres,
Which we pretend againſt the Turkes here-after.

Alex. The ſunne ſhall neuer ſet vpon my wrath;
That Oylie Lampe of bleſſed Charitie
Shall not extinguiſh in my zealous heart:
He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter
With any brother, all are faithfull friends:
Be but ſubmiſſiue, milde, and penitent,
And all is paſt, as all had beene well ment.
Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, ſonne *Charles*,
When you ſhall vndertake thoſe godly warres,
I will deliuer him as willingly
As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,
Praiſing your godly zeale on Chriſts behalfe,
And praying for your good ſucceſſe in warre.

Char. I thanke your Holyneſſe.

Lodw: Theſe quarrels are as happily determined
As we could wiſh: call for an Actuarie,
And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne
Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.
And now moſt bleſſed Father I beſeech,
That I may ſhew the duty which belongs
Vnto this place, and ſee Apoſtolick.

Alex. We will regreete your preſence preſently.

Drums

Drums and Trumpets: Charles *and his company make a garde,* Gasper de Fois, Piccolominy, Cæsar, Caraffa, Cardinals, *a Frier with a holy water-pot casting water; the Duke of* Candie *with a sword,* Astor Manfredy *supporting* Alexanders *traine, all bow as the* Pope *marcheth solemnly through, who crosseth them with his fingers.* Alexander *being set in state,* Cæsar Borgia, *and* Caraffa *aduance to fetch King* Charles, *who being presented vnto the* Pope, *kisseth his foote, & then aduancing two degrees higher, kisseth his cheeke: then* Charles *bringeth* S. Peter ad Vincula, *and* Ascanio, *which with all reuerence kisse his feete, one of them humbly deliuering vp his Crosse-keyes, which hee reclaimeth, blessing them and the rest of* Charles *his company: The Drums and Fife still sounding.*

Alex. Sonne *Charles,* your welcome is as acceptable,
As euer was Kings presence into *Rome*:
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,
Together celebrate a solemne Masse:
After the Senior, Bishop, Cardinall,
You must take place: and as our custome is,
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate:
This done, we will bestow some time in pleasures.

A garde for the Cardinals, French *King, Frier and Pope: Enter with a solemne flourish of Trumpets, after whom the garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

Enter Guicchiardine.

Heere leaue we *Charles* with pompous ceremonies,
Feasting within the Vaticane at *Rome:*
From thence to *Naples,* where the peoples hatred
Conceiu'd against the former Kings, made way
For him, without resistance to the crowne.
This done, he marcheth back againe for *France,*
And *Ferdinand* doth repossesse his state.
Meane while King *Charles* sick of an Apoplexie,
Dyes at *Amboise:* the Duke of *Orleance,*
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting fooce,

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
These regaine *Naples* and deuide that realme,
But this breedes mortall warre betwixt them both,
The wily Pope dissembles at all hands,
The sequell onely concernes him and *Cæsar*. *Exit*.

ACTVS. 3. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Astor, Manfredi *with* Phillippo.

Ast. Brother *Phillippo* what auaileth it,
When our state lost the *Fauirtines* compounded,
That I should hold both life and liberty,
Withall reuenues of my proper state,
When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,
Is much more loathsome to my soule then death,
And liberty more griefe then seruitude.
Phil. I rather choose within the riuer *Tiber*
To drowne my selfe, or from *Tarpeyan* hill,
My vexed body to precipitate,
Then to subiect my body to the shame
Of such vild brutish and vnkindely lust.
Ast. He that with fire and Brimstone did consume
Sodome and other Cities round about,
Deliuer vs from this soule-slaying sinne,
To which our bodies are made prostitute,

Enter Barnardo.

Bar. Deare salutations from my Lord the Pope,
I recommend vnto your excellence,
With semblable remembrance of his loue,
To you my Lord *Phillippo*,
Ast. Good *Barnardo*.
My dutie bound vnto his Holynesse,
Returne in paiment from his Captiue seruant.
Bar. Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly message
Of tender kindnesse, which I must impart:

They draw them-selues aside.

This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,
(In priuate token of his faithfull loue)
He bid mee secretly deliuer you:

And there-withall, desireth of your loue,
To haue with him some priuate conference.
Ast. I was now going to our Ladies masse,
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghostly father
Attendeth me for my confession.
But thanke his Holynesse on my behalfe,
In all due reuerence and humilitie.
Tell him I meane---so soone as I returne, *pawse.*
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit* Bar.
My case is desperate, what shall I doe?
Phillippo, was there euer any man
Hunted with such vnsatisfied rage?
Phil. What hath he sent againe to visit you?
Astor. To visit me, nay to dishonor me,
Behold this Ruby sent from his owne finger,
Which as a Bawde inuiteth me to shame.

SCENA. 2.

Alexander *out of a Casement.*

Alex. *Astor*? what *Astor*? my delight my ioy,
My starre, my triumph, my sweete phantasie,
My more then sonne, my loue, my Concubine,
Let me behold those bright Stars my ioyes treasure,
Those glorious well attempred tender cheekes;
That specious for-head like a lane of Lillies:
That seemely Nose loues chariot triumphant,
Breathing *Panchaian* Odors to my sences,
That gratious mouth, betwixt whose crimosin pillow
Venus and *Cupid* sleeping kisse together,
That chin, the ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,
Now budding ready to bring forth loue blossoms,
Astor Manfredi turne thee to my loue,
Come hither *Astor* we must talke aboue.
Astor. Betraid? a slaue to sinne? what shall I say?
Most Holy father.
Alex. Doe not mee forget:
I am thy brother, and thy deerest friend,
And though in age I loue [illegible]

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,
Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue:
Whereas the loue lightning from young desire,
Fickle, and feeble will not long hold fire,
It is so violent it will not last.
They'r blest whose louers loue when youth is past.
Astor. To call you friend were too familiar,
To call you brother sorts not with our yeares:
To call you Father doth import some feare,
Due to that age your Holinesse doth beare.
Alex. Tell me not of mine age and Holinesse,
Thy sight sufficeth me to make me young:
Neither vpbraide me with my sanctimonie,
Loue is the purest essence from aboue,
And to thy soule I would affix my loue.
Come hither then and rest with mee to night,
Giue me fruition of those amorous pits,
Where blinded *Cupid* close in ambush sits:
Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)
Shot through thy smiling cheekes, and did inchaine vs.
Thy Chamber with *Ambrosiall* odors breatheth,
New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,
And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon sheatheth
At thy delicious aspect: see thy Chamber:
The walles are made of Roses, roose of Lillies,
Be not asham'd to mount and venture it,
Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is.
Thy bed is made with spice and *Calamus*,
With Sinamond and Spicnard, Arabick,
With Opobalsam and rich gums of *Ægipt*,
Musick *Angelicall* of strings and voyces.
With sundry birds in sugred simphony,
Where whistling Wood-nimphes, and the pleasant choise is
Of Antique action mixt with harmony,
Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.
Phil. Is it possible that the Diuil can be so sweet a dissembler?
Ast. Yes and play the pleasant part of a conceited *Amoret*,
For he can take the shape of a bright Angell.

Alex. Now

Alex. Now my ſweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter
Thy mind too baſhfull is, ſpeake tounge loues vtter,
Thy Corrall gums cud loues pure quintiſence,
And thou thy ſelfe faire boy loues pureſt eſſence.
Aſt. Oh bleſſed heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,
His force is powerfull yet thy ſtrenght much ſtronger,
He that with guileſull baites gilded vntruth,
So ſeekes to blaſt the bloſſome of my youth.
Allex. Delicious fruites diuine Confections,
Of hearbes, roots, flowers of ſundrie faſhions.
Preſeruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixar*,
Of fineſt gould pure pearle and precions ſtones,
Prouided for thy diuine apetite,
Wines of more price (made by th'induſtrious art,
Inſacred diſtillations) then that *Nectar*,
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ione* did moſt affect her.
Phi. Sathan falſe god of lies, and flatterie;
How palpable is this groſſe villaine?
Alex. What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,
And bleſſe me with thy precious breath of Amber.
Aſto. After our ladies Maſſe I will returne.
Deare God what furies in his ſoule doe burne?
After the Celebration of the Maſſe,
I come my Lord. *Exeunt* Aſtor *and* Phillippo.
Alex. Come then, and let that paſſe, Alexander *ringeth a bell.*
Holla *Barnardo*?
All buſines for this night I will adiourne,
Giue good attendance that at his returne,
Aſtor may come to me for my ſicke heart,
Till *Aſtor* with his beauty full embrace,
Doe bleſſe my body wounded with his dart,
Can find no reſt, loue hath it in hot chaſe.

ACT. 3. *SCÆ.* 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *the Cardinall, and* Freſcobaldy *a ruffiane.*

Caſ. Wilt thou performe it faithfully?
Fre. What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to ſleepe?
Caſ. Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

Fref. Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to ſleepe, will I ſleepe to liue?

Caſ. Will thou be ſecret, and conceale my plot?

Fref. My name is *Freſcobaldi*, as for my pedigree,
My mother was of conſanguinitie with the Princeſſe
Of *Perugia*: my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,
Florentine: both: I my ſelfe
Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,
Haue ſeru'd againſt the *Turkes* and *Sarazines*,
Where at *Vienna* (with my ſingle Pike,
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandine* of *Naples*,
And with an old-Fox which I kept in ſtore,
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)
I did vnhorſe three *Turkie* Ianizaries.
Then (in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King)
This Hippe was ſhott through with a Crocadile,
But that it were too tedious I could ſhew you:
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,
Iuſt from this ſhoulder to the very pappe:
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heere,
I thanke God, and my Surgion, all fix, trillill.
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggers of *Turkie*:
And by my plot (niming below the rampier)
We gaue th'obgoblings leaue to ſcale our walls,
And being mounted all vpon that place:
I with my Lint-ſtock gaue fire to the traine,
And ſent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.
Which when the wiſe Aſtronomers of *Greece*,
Prodigiouſly diſcouered from a farre,
They thought thoſe *Turcaes* fiery meteors.
Which with their Pikes were puſhing in the clowds,
The learned Booke-men writte ſtrange Almanacks,
Of ſignes, and apparitions in the ayre:
And by theſe honors (if I proue a blabbe)
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

Caſ. Then tell mee *Freſcobaldi*
Where I may ſend to thee when time ſhall ſerue,

Fresc. Faith for the most parte my mansion is in *Ciuitauechia nella strada di san lorenzo*, nere the conduict at a good olde Ladies house, *la dõna sempronia* at signe of the glister pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houses more at signe of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

Cas. Well gramercie *Frescobaldi* I wil take the note of those houses in my tables.

But be sure and ready when opertunitie calles vpon you.

Fresco. May it please your most reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordship) to deliuer me the parties name vpon whome I should performe this Tragedy. For I may parcase catch him in a gilder my selfe before you are aware; and moylie muffle vp his maistership, with the *garotta*, or *stiletto*, perchance the ponyard or pistol, such as I warrant you shal serue his turne.

Cas. Be it sufficient thou shalt know hereafter,
My businesse and affaires are very great:
One word more, and adue.

He rowndeth with Frescobaldi.

Fre. Secret as mid-night, sure as the sunne, quick as the waters

Cas. Why? so sayd braue *Frescobaldi* like a man of some resolution farewell remember the watchward—do not faile.

Fresco. My businesse and affaires are very great my gratious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and so I kisse your foote. *He whispereth with Casar.*

Cas. It was not ingratitud, neither forgetfulnesse in me *Frescobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

He deliuereth him a purse.

Fres. I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my seruice, my loue and seruice with your mony.
Padrone mio multo honorato,
More for your loue then your mony,
And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes must be wrought, weapons must be bought; and Tauerns must be sought, and all braue exploits must be done, as they should be done brauely.

Cas. But that I keepe my secret to my selfe;
I would not vse this slaue for any gold:
Yet when I trust him he shall not deceiue me. *Exit Cæsar.*

Fresco.

Fresc. Now skelder yee scounderels, skelder you maggot-mūgers, you pompiōs; you wood-wormes, you magatapipicoes, I am for you, now *Frescobaldi*, call thy wits togither, let me now see what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almost breakfast time at a cleauen, this very night must I stand *Perdue* for this bloudy seruice, I know my place and houre; I must confesse and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelliaes* and in other such houses of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure score broken pates in my time: and some bastinadoes for crossing courting spicy-spirited inamoratoes in their humors. Besides I was the first that from the *Swisse* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the fashions of bowsing and to vsing *Greeke* and *Spanish* wines by the flagon, with that old stinckard *Henrico Baglioni*, sometime *Alferoes* to *Capitaneo Piccolomini* & my selfe; I remember likewise at *Terracina* I broake a glasse (contayning some quart of Robollia) vpon the face of *Capitaneo Franseſco Boccansacchi* a very sufficient souldier in that seruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as base a mettled coward as euer was coyn'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle; so he was: well I will second my Lord in any slaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue seru'd the Cardinalls turne) I will present my pistoll vpon his sacred person afterward for charities sake: well, now to the drinking schoole, then to the fence schoole, and lastly to the vaulting schoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbarossa.

Can. This was an act of such strange consequence,
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead
Within a priuate chamber of his house;
When all his seruants stird: not one of them
That could giue euidence of what befell
But that he kill'd himselfe. *Cosa impossibile.*

Bar. I was the first that found him in his bloud;
Then warme from slaughter: such a ruthfull sight
As yet I tremble to remember it.

Can. It is impossible (after a search)
No stranger found within *Vitellies* doors,

But

But that some seruant of his family
Should haue sure notice how the murther was.
Bar. It was his owne hand sure.
Can. I cannot thinke it.
The gentleman was honest, full of sport,
And well affected.
Bar. Pardon me my Lord,
My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe
She twise before had rescued his life.
Can. Go too, go too.
Bar. Besides my Noble Lord.
Papers both writ, and sealed with his hand
Were found about him t' stifying this.
Can. Good *Barbarossa* pray my sister *Lucrece*,
Here to encounter me with her good company:
Som-what I would in priuate talke with her.
Bar. My Lord I will. *Exit* Barb.
Can. High God be mercifull.
Thou that doest know the secrets of al hearts,
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth suspect)
Was priuie to this murther of my life
Enter Lucrece Barb. *with her.*
I can learne all she knowes.
But yet I will not either suspect, or vrge her were it true
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common humanity
She maketh towards me—sister how faires it with you?
Luc As with a dead Corse in a Sepulcher
Cold, liueless, comfortless, oppress with sorrow.
Nor since my ioy did leaue me desolate
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre
But still lamenting and disconsolate
Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.
Can. What order tooke you for his funnerall?
Luc. He that aliue was shrined in my brest,
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,
There is a model of it in my closet.
Can. Performe it decently with dilligence.
Lu. Brother me thinkes the ayre is cold and raw.

And as you please let vs conferre within.
Can. Gladly deere sister with what hast you may,
And I desire you noble *Barbarosa*
To meete vs at my Chamber after supper.
My brother *Cæsar* hath appoynted with me
Some businesse, and I craue your company.
Bar. Thankes my good Lord: but matters of much moment,
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;
And I must speake this night with my Lord *Cæsar*.
Can. Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.
Bar. I will my good Lord. *Cand.* Farewell *Barbarossa*.
Bar. Ioy to you both. *Exit* Barbarossa.
Can. My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;
My mind disturbed and I know not why
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Frescobaldi *solus.*

Fresc. This is the black night, this the fatall hand:
These are the bloudy weapons which must be
Witnesse and actors of this Tragedy.
Now *Frescobaldi* play thy masters prize:
Here is a rich purse cram'd with red crusadoes
Which doth inspire me with a martiall spirit,
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.
First did I wash my liuer, lungs, and heart,
In *Cretane* wines and head strong Malueise
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)
Then least I should with any weapons drawne
Be driuen to danger of mine enemy;
I practised my martiall feeets of fence:
As for example if with armes vnsheath'd,
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he fenceth.*
He makes a thrust, I with a swift passado,
Make quick auoydance, and with this stoccado
(Although he fence with all his finest force)
Bar'd of his body thrust him in the throate.
Guardatevi bene, signori honorevoli.

Suppose

Suppose this conduict or my duellist,
Should falsifie the foine vpon me thus.
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.

Enter Hentico Baglioni *looking earnestly vpon* Frescobaldi.

Il punto verso indrizzato, thus.
Admit he force me with his ambroccado
Here I deceiue then, with this passado
And come vppon him in the speeding place.

Bag. what *Mandragon* or saluage *Ascapart*,
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*
Art thou that fightest with thy fathers soule
Or with some subtill apparitions.
Which no man can behould with mortall eyes
Or art thou rauished with bedlamy
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies
Chimeraes or blacke spirrits of the night.

Fresc: Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.
My name is *Ruboſongal* the grimme ghost
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.
And here for this night I keepe centrenell
For *Muscopateron* great king of flyes;
Great grandsier of ten thousand hecatombes.

Bag: I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*
By puissant *Hoblecock* and *Bristletoe*,
By *Windicaper Monti-bogglebo*.
Polipotmos and the dreadfull names
of *Mulli-sacke* and *Hermocotterock*,
By *Petronidemi*, by the dogged spirrits
Of *Bacchus* which Canary land inherrits.
By purple *Aligant* the bloudy gyant.
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant.
By *Barrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* sweete
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete.
And by this awfull crosse vppon my blade
Of which black curres and hedghogges are affraid.
And by this fox which stinkes of *Pagan* bloud,
Do'st thou walke there for mischiefe or for good.

Fref. Braue man whoſe ſpirit is approued well,
(As moſt aprooued panders truly tell)
Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers ſtalles,
In portall, porches, vnder batterd walles,
Which day; by night keepes watch-full centinell
To guaze the pleaſures of faire *Claribell*
Profane arch patriark of *Pancridge* ſteeple,
The bauldy beaken of vngodly people.
With other matter which I might alleadge
To the Grand Captaine of *Collman-hedge*,
Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in troupes
Whoſe lanthornes are ſtill lighted in their Poupes.
Some without kerchieſes, others with torne ſmockes;
Certaine imboch'd with piles, and ſome with poxes.
Others with rotten ſhooes and ſtockings rente
With carrine in each ditch keepe parliament.
In petticotes all patch'd and waſt-coate torne,
And wandring with ſome ragge bleſſe euery thorne.
Which with their Targets neuer make retire,
From any breach till they their foomen fire.
Rebating the ſtiffe pointes of their keene blades
Till all their champions maſculiue proue ladies.
To thee ſaith *Freſcoba'di* caſe thy ſteele
Leaſt thou the rigor of my furie feele.

Bag. And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,
Thine in all ſeruice: ſhake hands and embrace.

Freſc. A pox vpon thy coward fiſtes foule knaue,
And yet I loue thee roague: aſke roague and haue.

Embrace fantaſtically.

Bagb. Come and embrace: tis blith when malte-men meete,
And drinke till they haue loſt both head and feete.
And driueling ſleepe on euery ſtall and bench
With euery man a knee in his hand and in his Can a prettie (wench
But *Freſcob'di* my braue *Bodigonero*,
Varlet of veluet, my moccado villaine,
Old heart of durance, my ſtript canuaſe ſhoulders,
And my Perpetuana pander tell me;
Tell me what humors Cataplaſmatick,

Excited

Excited haue thy *Bacchick* fantasies:
To draw that triumphant swerll dildido,
Vpon some spirit of the Buttery,
Fris. This was no barmie spirit of the bottle,
It was a bloudy spirit of the battell:
And if I lye, call me thy Wimble-cock.
Bag. A mouldy iest, well I will answere thee:
I conjure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,
By *Dol Pattenti*, by the subtill shape,
Of *Nanna Balker*, by the cunning sleights
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with hir faire sprights:
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marschalus*,
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-house:
By *Nan Riuehomo* that hote stigmatist,
Now bedded with th'*Italian* Vitrailliſt,
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,
Did worke strange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,
Her spirits haue no power to touch this strand.
Till they transported from *Lambechia* land,
By *Charon* Ferriman of Black *Auerne*,
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,
And by *Tartarean Plutoes Heben* bowle,
Why didst thou combate with thy Fathers soule?
Fres. Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,
As well in prior as posterior parts,
I see thou kennist the secrets of all sorts,
Of sharpe syringues and salacious sports:
Veneral Buboes, Tubers Vlcerous,
Aud *Iaynes De fisticanckers* venemous,
Doubtlesse *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle scour'd.
Noble *Henrilico* question no further,
My meditations are of bloud and murther,
I iested haue too long, pree-thee be gone.
Henrico Baglioni (by this sword)
I am to morrow to performe a duell,
And practising in this nights melancholie,
How to dispatch it with a braue stoccadoe,

Heere I did make a proofe, prithie good-night,
Trouble me now no more: early to morrow,
Ile march vnto the signe oth frying-panne,
And take thee timely with thy pointes vntrust,
To drinke a flagon of grecke wine with thee.
Bag. Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,
Thou shalt be welcome in the darkest midnight. *Exit Bagli.*
Fri. Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh
Col nunolo la Pioggia: thinke vpon it.
The clocke strikes eleuen.
This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,
Here will I stand close till tha'llarum call,
he stands behind the post.

Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie *and* Cæsar Borgia *disguised.*

Can. What ist a clocke boy now?
Pag. My gratious Lord,
By *Sistoes horologe* tis strooke eleuen.
Cæsa. A fit hower for our purpose noble brother,
Can. But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,
Of our aproch to night.
Cæs. Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch, *The boy*
Being disguis'd we will not be discryed, *putteth out*
Depart you to my lodging presently, *the torch.*
Paine of thy life not one word that thou saw vs. *Exit page.*
Can. Tis very darke, good brother goe before,
You know the streets best.
Cæsa. Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,
But if you doe.
Can. How then.
Cæsa. You shalbe supported.
Can. My heart begins to throb, my soule misdoubts,
I feare some treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio*,
On in Gods name.
Cæs. Giue me your hand brother, fie doe not faint.
Can. *Cæsar* I can scarse goe,
A suddaine qualme hath seaz'd vpon my spirits.

Caſ. Tut brother forward with alacritie,
My life for yours youle be at eaſe anon,
Can. Tis a foule buſines let vs retire,
And ſeeke ſome other ſeaſone for our ſports,
Caſ. I am aſham'd thou ſhould'ſt be generall,
To lead thoſe forces that fight for the Church,
And heere ſhew ſuch faint harted cowardize.
Can. Are you d'ſpoſ;d to quarrell in the ſtreets,
Neither the time nor place ſerues inſtantly;
To call you to ſome audit for theſe words.
Caſ. Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, Cæſar *trips vp*
I will not brooke thy fooliſh inſolence. Candies *heels.*
Col nuuolo la pioggia.

Cæſar *and* Freſcobaldi *ſtab him.*

Can. Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my ſoule.
Caſ. Let him receaue thy ſoule when he thinkes good,
Ile take an order for thy buriall.
Helpe *Freſcobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,
Come to the bridge with him.
Freſ. Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,
Hath he ſome gould about him ſhall I take it?
Caſ. Take it were there a million of duckets,
Thou haſt done brauely *Freſcobaldi*,
Stretch thee, ſtreth out thine armes feare that he
Fall not vpon the arches.
Freſ. Ile waſh him doubt you not of a new faſhion.
Caſ. I thinke thou neuer hadſt thy Chriſtendome,
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.
Freſ. Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,
Caſ. The duell goe with you both for company.

Cæſar *caſteth* Freſcobaldi *after.*

Cæſar *ſolus.*

Now *Cæſar* Muſter vp thy wittes together.
Summon thy ſences and aduance thy ſelfe,
Ware and Earth haue interpoſ'd their bodies,
Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murther.

Sweete

Sweete silent night (guarded with secret starres)
Keepe silence, and conceale this Tragedie;
Saturne is lord ascendant of this hower,
Propitious patron of assassinates
Of murthers, Paracides, and massacres:
Lord of my birth, auspitious to my life,
This is my first degree to domination.
Who can, or (if they could) who dare suspect,
How *Cæsar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie*?
This is infallible, that many crimes
Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holinesse:
And vnderneath my Purple tunicle
This fact concealed is: *Ascanio Sforza*
Shall strangely (by some wilie policies)
Be brought into suspect for *Candies* death.
Sister *Lucretia* thou must follow next:
My fathers shame and mine, endeth in thee.
Now shew thy selfe true *Cæsar*; *Cæsar* shall
Either liue *Cæsar* like, or not at all.

Guicchiardine.

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scœne.
These be the visible and speaking shewes,
That bring vice into detestation,
Vnnaturall murthers, cursed poysonings,
Horrible exorcisme, and Inuocation,
In them examine the rewarde of sinne.
What followes, view with gentle patience.

ACT. 4. SCÆ. 1.

Alexander *in his studie beholding a Magicall glasse with other obseruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy* I know 'tis *Candie*,
Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?
I cannot see him: hee shall not scape me so.
I must and will finde him, though he were inuisible,

Appeare,

Appeare appeare;not yet;ha and *Candy* murthered too,
Let me looke forth.

Alexander *commeth vpon the Stage out of his ſtudy with a booke in his hand.*

Oh, oh, very good very good:well I perfectly peceiue.
By this deſcention of *Arctophilax*,
What time of night it is,ſorrow giue place;
Reuenge in blood and fierie ſacrafice,
Commaundeth: nature now preuents her current:yeeld,
Let vs adore the ſecond eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*
Bright *Armatas* increaſeth ſhe,is not combuſt.
O ſacred ſeaſon for nocturnall Ceremonies.
This ioyeous quarter is in *Caſmaran.ha.* *he looketh on a watch.*
What hower of night iſt?why tis *Salem*,twelue a cloke,
What are our angells this quarter?
Gargatel Tariel Ganiel.
How goodly theſe augurize faire auſpices of truth,
Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden aſcention,
Direct in oppoſition with our hemiſpher, *he tinketh on a bell.*
And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:
Bernardo bring hither thy white robes of ſanctity,
Haſt thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,
And ſence about this ſanctified place,
For heere *Feſtatini* muſt haue her honor.
Candie my ſonne is murthered,*Candie* my ſonne,
Candie my ſonne is murthered:I will raiſe
All the great diuills to ſhew the murtherer,
Euen as thou lou'dſt my ſonne haſt and diſpatch,
Haſt and diſpatch it as thou loueſt my ſoule.
Tis not yet *yawne* by three quarters of an hower,
What are our Angels of this night?*Michael,Dardael,Hurratipel*
In a triumphant carre of burning gold,
Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,
And with a mace of Iet King *Varoa* rides.
Attended with his miniſters of ſtate,*Andas* and *Cynabell.*
Fit diſmall times for our ſolemnities.

Enter Bernardo.

Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

Cenſe well *Barnardo:* bring me ſome fire in an earthen veſſell
Now muſt I laboure like a collyers horſe.

After Bernardo *had Cenſed he bringeth in coles, and* Alexander *faſhioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.*

My pretious beſt approu'd and truſty ſeruant,
Hence in all haſt be-take thee to thy beads,
Whilſt theſe darke workes of horror are in hand,
Red *Sandall* is my fumigation.

ſtanding without the circle he waueth his rod to the Eaſt.

And calleth vpon	}	VIONATRABA.
To the Weſt.		SVSERATOS.
To the North.		AQVIEL.
To the Sowth.	}	MACHASAEL.

Coniuro, et confirmo ſuper vos in nomine Eye, eye, ey; haſt vp & aſcende *pernomeu ya, ya, ya; he, he, he; va; hy, hy; ha, ha, ha; va, va, va; an, an, an;*

Fiery exhalations lightning thunder aſcend a King, with a red face crowned imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander *putteth on more perfume and ſaith.*

I coniure thee by theſe aforeſaid names,
That thou receaue no phantaſmatike illuſions.

Dine. What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,
That from our fiery region millions of leagues,
Beneath the ſulphurous bottome of *Abiſſe*,
Where *Mammon* tells his euer tryed gould,
Thou call'ſt me from ſtrong buſines of high ſtate,
From ſure ſubuerſions and mutations
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,
From plotting bloody feilds and maſſacres,
Triumphant treaſons and aſſaſſinates,
Whats thy demand?

Alex. I charge thee by the fower recited names,
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*,
By which all creatures are ſure ſealed vp,
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,
Shew me the ſhape of that condemned man,
Which murthered my ſonne the duke of *Candy*.

Dinel.

Diu. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,
Expect a meſſenger of truſt ſtand faſt,

The diuell deſcendeth with thunder and lighning and after more exhalations aſcends another all in armor.

Diue. Sent from the foggy lake of fearefull ſtix.
Am I comaunded by that puiſſant monarch,
Which rides tryumphing in a charriot,
On miſty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,
To doe what thou demandeſt.

Allex. Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram*,
Titeand Sadai ſhew me that damned childe of reprobation,
Which this night murthered the duke of *Candie*.

Diui. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,

He goeth to one deore of the ſtage, from whence he bringeth the Ghoſt of Candie *gaſtly haunted by* Cæſar *perſuing and ſtabing it, theſe vaniſh in at another deore.*

Alex. Hold, hold, hold, hold; *per todos ſantos* now no more,
Cæſar hath kill'd a brother and a father.

Diue. What wouldeſt thou more ſhall I deſcend?

Alex. Shew me the perſon by whoſe impious hand,
Giſmond Viſelli, was done to death?

Deue. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtirre not for thy life.

He bringeth from the ſame deore Giſmond Viſelli, *his wounds gaping and after him* Lucrece *vndreſt, holding a dagger fix't in his bleeding boſome: they vaniſh.*

Alex. Out, out, no more no more, my ſoule diſolues.

Deus. Say, ſay what wouldeſt thou more? diſcend,

Alex. *Beldachienſis, Berolanenſis, Helioren, diſcende, diſcende, inbeo, mando, impero.*

Deuill deſcendeth with thunder, &c.

Enter Bernardo. Alexander *tinketh his hell.*

Alex. Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,
With griſly wounds and deepe incurable.

Ber. Comfort your ſelfe in Gods name bleſſed father,
Soe long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

Alex. The cureles wounds I meane are of my body
Wounds both of my ſoule and body: but *Bernardo*
This is my comfort in calamity
Some ſhall packe after them for company
Whats a clocke?

Barn. Very neere ſix by Saint *Peters* bell

Alex. Haſt thee, then paſſe thee to my Poticary, bid him prouide thoſe drugges I ſpoke for yeſter-day, and beare them in all haſt to *Dominico Giglio* take you thoſe letters with you which are here, bid him deliuer them *Lodowick Sforzaes* name her luſtfull Paramoure; make haſt and ſee that he diſpatch it quickly, deliuer him a purſe from mee for a token cramd with two hundred ducates, bid him bee ſecreat as he loues his life, haſt and begon. *Exit* Bernardo.

Aſtor ſhall follow, I muſt haue his Lands
This thorne muſt be cut of being but tender
Then cut it ſoone whilſt it is yong and ſlender.
Leaſt growing great it prick thee to the bone
My luſt importunes it and he ſhall die,
Sonnes, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, ſhall die.
My conſcience is turn'd mercies enemy,
He that would riſe to riches and renowne
Muſt not regard though he pull millions downe.
Exit Alexander *into the ſtudie.*

SCEN. 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *with* Caraffa *and* Bentiuoli.

Caſ. Where is his Holineſſe? where is my father?
Alas your Sonne is ſlaine; your haples Sonne,
My noble brother out alas, alas
Is murthered: in tender paſſion
Let curious ſearch and inquiſition
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:
I feare that Traitrous *Iudas* Cardinall
Aſcanio Sforza with his complecies:
I will not hould fraternity with him:
And here behold my meaning bleſſed father:
Reccing againe theſe robes, take here this hat,

And

And in these armes which I haue bucled on
I do forsweare al offices of Church,
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.
He disrobeth himselfe and appeareth in armor.
Alex. A foule red vengeance ouer hangs his head
Whose heart indurate or whose diuilish braine,
Could execute conceiue or meditate
So foule a murther of an Innocent.
Careffa with *Bentiuoli* giue leaue
Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Cesar*.
Cesar desemble not for that were vaine *Exeunt Car. et Ben.*
Whence comest thou.
Ces. Directly from my Chamber.
Ale. Where didst thou here this newes.
Ces. Fishers which found his body brought the newes.
Alex. Then he was droun'd *Cesar* was he not?
Ces. It seemes he was.
Alex. What by some Fisher.
Ces. How should I know that.
Ale. Sure by some subtill Fisher that layd nets
For *Candies* life and honor: but say truly,
Was it thy brother.
Ces. Are not you my father?
Ale. Ah that I neuer had beene any father,
But speake againe, man speake the truth and feare not:
Who slew thy brother *Candie* this last night,
Who traind him forth who walk'd along with him.
Ces. Am I the keeper of my brothers person.
Alex. Execrable *Cain*; perfidious Homecide,
Apparant villaine what canst thou designe?
Which I would know that thou canst hide from me.
Ces. A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,
That watch more narrowly to catch your soule
Then he which sought my brother *Candies* death,
You know that Sathan is the lord of lies
A false accuser and desembler,
Tell your falce liers they be lying Diuils.
Alex. *Cesar* no more, *Cesar* no more, thou knowst.

Cæs. What knew I?
Alex. That I know, dissemble not.
Cæs. Suppose you know, suppose in wrath & fury
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?
He was not fashion'd for these busie times:
He rests in peace, our peace rests in our swords.
Alex. *Cæsar* thou do'st vnkindly vex my soule,
With rubbing vp my secret miseries:
Incur'd by seeking to list vp thy head.
Cæs. Pull me not downe good father with your conscience:
Your conscience, father of my conscience is.
My conscience is as like your conscience,
As it were printed with the selfe-same stampe.
I know my sinnes are burthenous, and beare them,
Your sinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.
Alex. Out wicked and nefarious homicide.
Cæs. Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,
Which should giue light to men in darkest night;
How can they choose but must in shaddowes erre,
That follovv the blind-glimering thereof:
Doth this one petty fault appeare so grieuous?
Which if you vvell consider is no fault;
He vvas an honest man, and fitt for heauen:
Whilste he liu'd here he breath'd in miserie;
And vvould haue beene enlarg'd: I set him free.
Novv if I may compare your state vvith his,
Or your condition vvith my qualitie,
Haue you not sold your selfe vnto the Diuill,
To be promoted to the Papacie:
Haue you not sould the liuings of the Church?
Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beastly bribes,
With soule extortion, and base Vsury?
Haue yee not (since your inauguration)
Poysoned and done to death six Cardinals;
In diuilish auarice to get their goods?
Haue you not (vvhich is most abhominable)
Commited incest vvith your onely daughter;
And made me sinne vvith her for company,

That

That both might raigne in hell for company?
Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*
One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,
To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon*?
Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,
Astor Manfredi that young vertuous Prince,
In beastly lust, and filthy *Sodomie*,
Blasting the blossome of his toward youth?
Haue you not now giuen order for the death
Of my deere Sister, whom your passions caus'd
To kill her latter husband *Di Viselli*,
And robd the noble Earle of his new spowse,
Onely to cloake your vile impiety,
Ale. *Caesar* the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maister.
Cas. I passe your secret counsell with the diuill,
Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,
Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,
Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death?
A bastard of our house, degenerate,
In whom no sparke or spiracle of honor,
Appear'd to raise the race of *Borgia*.
But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,
This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,
France before this had trembled, *Spaine* had stoop'd,
The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.
King *Charles* had beene restraind, *Frederick* expulsd,
And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.
Alex. A triple ioy succeeds a single griefe,
I haue engag'd all to make *Caesar* great,
Caesar it suteth with thy grace and glory,
To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,
Let one of vs excuse an others crimes,
And for this bloudy fact so lately done,
As thou didst cunningly begin proceed,
To lay the guilt or imputation
On them whose death may doe thee benefit:
And neuer was my soule better contented,
Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

Cæſ. Now ſtands *Romania* ſubiect to my ſword.
Imola furli, Camerine, and *Vrbine*
Shall haue the firſt charge, if I there ſucceed,
Haue forward farther with a better ſpeed,
Cæſar o nullo written in my guydon,
When with my troopes victoriouſly I ride on.
Alex. Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoly:* *Enter*
Ay now now now, my precious boy, my *Cæſar*, Barn:
Proſecute as thou haſt begunne,
With Arte, looke ſullaine and demure,
Hold downe thy head, like one ſwolne vp with ſorrow,
Enter Caraffa *with* Bentiuoly.
They come, they come, ſay that thoſe armes were put on,
In reuenge of *Candies* death.
The ſoueraigne medicine of things paſt cure,
Is for to beare with patience and forget,
Cæſar hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,
And in regarde of *Cæſars* piety,
I make him generall in his brothers place.
Cæſ. And neuer ſhall I ſheath this ſword in peace
Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.
Caraf. Happy ſucceſſe accompany my Lord,
And in your battles giue you victory.
Bent. Is order taken for his funerals.
Cæſ. Bentiuoli take you no thought for that,
That is the greateſt care, which troubles me.
Alex. Come on my Lords, we will aduiſe within,
For I muſt haue your counſels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Lucretia *richly attired with a Vyol in her hand.*

Luc. Kinde *Lodowike* hadſt thou preſented me,
With *Perſian* clothes of gold or *Tinſilry*,
With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious ſtones,
Or what braue women hold in higheſt price,
Could not haue beene ſo gracious as this tincture,
Which I more valew then my richeſt iewels,

Oh

Oh *Motticilla*. *Enter* Motticilla.
Bring me some mixtures and my dressing boxes,
This night I purpose priuately to sup
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua*.
Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glasses, a box with Combes and instruments, a rich bowle.
Bring me some blanching water in this bowle. *Exit* Motti.
Shee looketh in her glasse.
Here I perceiue a little riueling
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,
And yet it is as white as the pure snow:
O God when that sweet *Marques Mantoua*,
Did in *Ferrara* feast my Lord and mee,
What rich comparisons and similies,
He with ingenious fantasie deuis'd,
Doting vpon the whiteneſſe of my browes?
As that betwixt them stood the chaire of state,
Compos'd of Iuorie for the *Paphian* Queene:
Sitting in comfort after amourous conquest,
And kist my for-head twenty thousand times.
Oft haue I wisht the coulour of this haire
More bright, and not of such a *Spanish* dye,
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,
As the diuinest fauour of this world,
Did beg one lock to make a Bracelet,
For which few haires he garnished my head
With Iewels worth six thousand crownes at least,
My beaming eyes yet full of Maiesty,
Dart loue, and giue bright luster to the glasse,
As when the sunne beames touch a Diamond,
The Prince of *Salerne* solemnly did sweare,
These eies were quiuers which such shafts did beare
That were so sharpe, and had such fierie touch,
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had so much,
The Rosie Garden of these amourous cheekes,
My nose the gratious forte of conquering loue,
Breathing attractiue odors to those louers

That languiſh and are vanquiſht with deſire,
Gonzaga calleth it the ſiluer pearch,
Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleaſure ſearch.
Sweet mouth the Ruby port to Paradice
Of my worlds pleaſure from whence iſſue forth,
Many faiſe brags, bold ſallies, ſweet ſupplies,
A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,
A necke two breſts vpon whoſe cherry niples.
So many ſweet ſolcions *Cupid* ſuckt,
Giue me ſome blanching water in this boule,
Waſh my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,
So tis well now will I try theſe collours.
Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,
Take ſarſnet *Motticilla* ſmooth my forehead,

She looketh in two glaſſes and beholdeth her body.

I muſt delay this colour is it carnation right.
Mot. Oh the true tincture of a damask roſe,
Luc. What is it excellent.
Mot. Moſt full of life.
And madame thats a pretious liniment,
As euer I beheld to ſmooth the browes.
Luc. I will correct theſe arches with this mullet,
Plucke not to hard, beleeue me *Motticilla*,
You plucke to hard.
I feele a foule ſtincke in my noſtrells,
Some ſtinke is vehement and hurts my braine,
My cheekes both burne and ſting giue me my glaſſe.
Out out for ſhame I ſee the blood it ſelfe,
Diſperſed and inflamed, giue me ſome water.

Motticilla *rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.*

Lucretia *looketh in the glaſſe.*

My braines intoxicate my face is ſcalded.
Hence with the glaſſe: coole coole my face, rancke poyſon,
Is miniſtred to bring me to my death,
I feele the venime boyling in my veines.
Mot. Ah me deere Lady; what ſtrange leoproſie?
The more I waſh the more ſpreads on your face.

Luc.

Luc. Send to my father; call phisitions in, *Exit Mott*
Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,
Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* must follow thee,
I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.
My braines are seard vp with some fatall fire.

Enter a seruant and Phisition with Morticila.

Ser. Deere Lady cheere your selfe, be not dismayd,
His Holines in hast hath sent releise;
His owne Phisition to recomfort you.

Luc. For our deere Ladies passion bring some water to coole my thirst.

Phi. Madam you may not drinke,
Till you receaue this one preseruatiue.

Luc. A foule vnsauorie loathsome stinke chcakes vp
My vitall sences: and a boyling heat
Suppes vp the liuely spirit in my lungs.

Phi. This poyson spreads and is incurable,
Madame receiue one precious antidote.

Luc. What haue I caught you *Sforza*,
Who painted my faire face with these soule spots,
You see them in my soule deformed blots,
Deliuer me from that murthered man,
He comes to stab my soule I wounded him,
Oh *Gismond Gismond* hide those bleeding wounds,
My soule bleeds drops of sorrow for thy sake;
Looke not so wrathfull I am penitent,
Loue and remorse did harbour in thine hart,
What doest thou becken to me I will come,
And follow thee through millions of woes.

Phi. Sweet Lady will you take a little rest,
It will refresh your spirits instantly.

Luc. No rest vntill I see my Lord againe.

Mot. Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take rest,

Shee taketh hold of Morticila.

Luc From the pure burning coles of true contrition,
Me thinkes I see the liuely counterfet,
Of catiue *Cressed* in her misery,
Ingendred out of his disloyalty,

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp
In cunning sleights and snares of filthinesse,
Forgiue me for that sinne; liue and repent.
Mot: Oh God forgiue me for my sinnes are great,
And if his goodnesse lend my life some space,
I will with pennance call on him for grace,
And spend the remnant of my life in prayer.
Luc: I can no more, death summoneth my soule,
Open thy bosome father *Abraham*,
Mercyfull father let thy mercy passe
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.
Mercyfull father for thy sonnes deere merrit
Pardon my sinnfull soule receiue my spirrit. *Expirat Lucrece.*
Phi: Now is her soule at rest tis very strange,
As well the cause as manner of her death,
I haue beene studied in *Hipocrates*,
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Auecine*,
Obseru'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,
Yet neuer met with such an accicent,
Beare in her body I will in all hast,
Bring wofull newes vnto saint *Peeters Pallace*,
His Holinesse will grieuiously lament. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCÆ. 4.

Enter Cæsar *and* Barbarossa *souldiers drums and trumpets.*
Cæs: Fellows in armes after our victories,
Had in the first front of our happie warr,
With men of hardy resolution,
Now must we bend our forces against *Furly*,
Where that prowd *Amazonian Katharine*,
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,
And yet our hopes are sure, all passage cleere,
And she before I lodge this restles head,
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.
Bar: These proud presuming spirrits of vaine women,
Whose bloodlesse woundes are only bloody words,
Talke without reason, fight without resistance,

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,
Cæs. Nay we muſt fight: I know the puiſſant ſpirit
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,
Sforzaes braue ſiſter and old *Riarioes* widdow,
Excellent valour, and deepe policie
Muſt winne it, if we purchaſe at her hands.
Bar. And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,
Hauing ſurprized her treaſure and her ſonnes,
As they were making their eſcape for *Florence*:
What ſhall we trie renowned generall?
And ſearch her reſolution.
Cæſ. Shall wee? doubt you not,
Nay though the walles of *Furly* were of ſteele,
Theſe pledges ſhould make paſſage for our powers,
And what? ſhall we ſtoope for thoſe twenty Enſignes,
Which this laſt night haue enter'd their Ports,
Nay were they ten to one within thoſe walles,
Cæſar (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)
Would make them giue ground & ſubiect them-ſelues.
Bar. Speake then at once renowned generall,
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at firſt?
Shall we ſalute her with our Cannon?
Cæſ. What? no *Barbaroſſa* not without a parlee,
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,
And till we finde her words prooue empty ſquibs,
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,
Summon a parlee. *Sound drum, anſwer Trumpet.*

Enter vpon the walles Conteſſe Katherine, Iulio Sforza, *Enſigne, ſouldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon theſe walles,
To bring confuſion of our companies:
Doth proud *Penthefilea* liue againe,
Which ſome-time raging in the Fields of blood,
Made paſſage with her angry ſword through millions.

Kat. I tell thee *Cæsar* sonne of *Alexander*
A booke befits thee better then a blade:
Percase in scorne thou wilt reply the like,
A distaffe fits me better then a pike.
Know *Cæsar* had I now so many liues
As here are stoanes or haires vpon your beards,
I would forgo them al before this honor,
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,
The pledge of my deere loue his Childrens patrimony.
Cæs. Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race
Yet you must yeeld there is no remedy,
It is the Churches right and I must haue it.
Kath. Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,
But did'st thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:
That he which hunteth for authority,
Himselfe should gouerne direct and know well;
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,
For proud ambition violates all right.
Cæs. Be not so bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:
Heere standeth *Cæsar*, the sharpe scourge of *Furly*
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,
As it is girt with stones *Cæsar* would haue it.
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods
And in resistance seale it with their blouds.
Kat. What are your weapons sheathed in your throates?
Is euery word a sword then shake hands *Cæsar*:
Venter no further and we will be friends
But if your words haue accents in keene swords,
And end in bloud, then *Cæsar* looke on me:
I with defiance turne swords in your throates,
You shall not thrust that imputation
Vpon our sex, *for I will fight it out*
So long as I can stand vpon these walls.
Cæs. You would repent it, if you knew the worst,
Consider *Kate* be well aduised first.
Kat. *Cæsar* at one word to discharge my conscience,

Were

Were there a Cannon there to be dischardg'd
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurse of Children,
And I sure peece mell to be torne withall,
If I would not surrender vp this forte
Your Cannon shot should plowe these bowells vp,
That vow to God and my deere husband made:
I neuer will infringe with perfedy:
I know thee bloudy *Cæsar*: the dishonor,
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple roabes
Which should protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,
Appeareth well in taking vniust armes,
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherlesse
Either fight *Cæsar* or forsake the field,
Perswade thy selfe aliue I will not yeeld.
Cæs. Then I will shew you what warres desteny,
Prognosticates, bring forth her ransome hither
Barbarossa *bringeth from* Cæsars *Tent*
hir two boyes.
If nature be not quite extinguished
These pledges shall enfranchize you from warre:
I brought them to this purpose; that in them,
You with your friends might liue in liberty.
Kat. Neuer but with advantages deere Lord.
Monster of misery what think'st thou *Cæsar*
That I will yeeld mine honor for their safety?
Be not deceiu'd thou hast surpriz'd my Children,
Riarioes riches left in my tuition
And borne out of these bowells; but deere boyes,
Courage your selues I will defend your honors:
I tell thee *Cæsar* these my boyes are taught
To beare with patience fates ineuitable.
These carry *Sforzaes* spirit and their fathers;
I dare gage life and aske them they will chuse,
To lack their liues before they loose their honors.
Cæs. *Cæsar* in this hath offered like himselfe,
He proffereth to preserue your towne vntouch't:
Your goods, your wiues, your liues, your liberties:
But marke what fruites thy bitternesse brings forth,

To

To make thiſe hard heart infamous for eſer,
Before thy face theſe boyes ſhall looſe their liues
If thou ſurrender not without more parlee.
Kath. Bloudy *Buſyris* I defie thy malice,
I ſpit defiance in thy cowards face.
Traytour to God and man had'ſt thou beene *Ceſar*,
Inſiſting on high tearmes of worth and honor
Thou woul ſt conſider that their bloud is Noble,
Thou wouldſt conſider that they be but children,
Thou wouldſt conſider that thou art a warrier
And that ſuch noble bloud ſpilt with diſhonor
And train'd in with inſideous trechery,
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below
Can be forgotten or aboliſhed.
Barb. Braue generall you parlee with a woman,
Whoſe heart is obſtinate, whoſe hands are freeble,
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.
Ceſar. Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,
You will not yee'd your ſtate to ſaue their liues.
Kath. I will not *Ceſar.*
Ceſ. Cut of both their heads.
1. *Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,
For to deliuer vp the ſtate of *Furly*
And will you ſaue our liues then.
2. *Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.
Ceſ. If ſhe will yeeld the ſtate your liues are ſafe.
1. *Boy.* Good mother for my fathers ſake that's dead,
And for mine Vncles ſake part of your bowells
And for our owne ſakes yeeld your ſelues and ſaue vs,
2. *Boy.* Good ſweete mother ſaue vs,
Kat. Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riarioes* race,
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother
Know what it is die with liberty,
And liue with ignomineous ſeruitude.
If you your liues buy with the loſſe of ſtates
It were of all extreameties the vileſt
But in extreamety to die reſolu'd
Preſeruing ſtate and reputation:

Is ſaid to dye within the bed of honour,
This is an honor for *Riarioes* children,
And for my part, it neuer ſhall be ſayd,
That *Katherine* being ſtrong vpon hir guarde,
Hauing good forces able to defend,
In brutiſh feare ſhould giue away your ſtates,
I rather will obtrude my ſelfe vnarm'd,
And meete the thickeſt ranckes that enter breach,
To be toſt vp vpon their ſouldiers pikes,
Sooner I will ſet all the towne on fire,
And with my ſoldiers ſacrifice my ſelfe,
Rather then render vp your heritage,

Caſ. Oh brauely ſpoken warlike *Amazon*.

1. *Boy*. Mother we ſcorne death in reſpect of honor
Let him performe his worſt, we feare him not,
Courage ſweete brother, thinke vpon my father,
I will dye firſt, be not affraid of death.

Caſ. Why then you are reſolu'd to dye?

1. *Boy*. I to dye *Caſar*.

Caſ. Bring hether both their heads.

Kath. Gods bleſſing reſt with you my deereſt ſonnes
And if I looſe your ſtates, my life ſhall follow,
Nothing but violence ſhall force it from vs,
Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will ſtand euen:
Farewell deere boyes, till we three meete in heauen.

2. *Boy* Ah deere Mother, ſweete mother, good Vncle *Iulio* ſaue our liues.

Caſ. Away with him.

2. *Boy*. Let me before I dye, but kiſſe my mother.

Kath. What wouldſt thou runne againe into my wombe?
If thou were t here thou ſhouldſt be *Poſthumus*,
And ript out of my ſides with ſoldiers ſwords,
Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.

1. *Boy*. Come brother let vs brauely dye together.

Caſ. I tell thee when that theſe haue loſt their heads,
I will make ſacke and pillage of your ſtate,
Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the ſword,
This hath your obſtinacie wrought in vs,

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with the boyes.*
And then a charge vpon this valiant Lady,
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,
Whose valour *Barbaroſſa* by theſe heauens,
Is very wonderfull and glorious.
Kate. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?
Caſ. A charge, a charge,
Kat. For Gods ſake charge, a charge let vs to fight.
Caſ. A ſpirit full of vengeance, wrath, and ſpite,
Aſſault, aſſault, charge noble hearts a charge.

A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Cæſar *after two retreates entreth by ſcalado, her Enſigne-bearer ſlaine:* Katherin *recouereth the Enſigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere ſhe ſheweth excellent magnanimity.* Cæſar *the third time repulſed, at length entreth by ſcalado, ſurpriſeth her, bringeth her downe with ſome priſoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

Caſ. Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance
Into the face and throate of fate and *Cæſar*,
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulneſſe.
Haue I perform'd my word? are you ſurpriz'd?
Is not your life and liuing in my power?
Kat. Now that my ſonnes firſt by inſidious meanes,
Bereaued of their liues, and their ſtates loſt,
The date of my calamities is out,
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, ſtrike *Cæſar*,
And take away the Mother with her ſonnes:
This done, recount what is thy victory.
A woman with two children vanquiſhed,
A prize befitting the renowne of *Cæſar*.
Caſ. Come hither *Katherine* wonder of thy ſex,
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:
Cæſar ſhall neuer prooue diſhonourable,
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.
He diſcouereth his Tent where her two ſonnes were at Cardes.
2. *Boy.* Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.
1. *Boy.* Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,
They gaue vs ſpices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray

I pray you thanke them.

Kate. Oh but your lands and honors are both loſt,
Had not an honorable death beene better:
Then thus to looſe your ſtates and liuely-hoods.
Heroike ſouldier, whoſe deceipt is honour,
Thou that haſt vnexpected ſau'd the liues
Of my two children, I ſubmit them here
Thy captiues, for their ranſome what is fitt.

Caſ. I freely pardon theſe two boyes their ranſome,
Lady behold thy treaſure in my Tent,
Had I not wonne this towne, this hadſt thou loſt,
See Souldiers that her Iewels be reſeru'd
For her owne ſeruice, now the quarrell ends.

Kat. But noble *Caſar* well intreate our people,
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,
If you their Magiſtrates intreate them well.

Caſ. Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbaroſſa*,
Intreate the people well, do not reſtraine them,
We freely pardon all of them their ranſomes,
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,
Vſe them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,
Other inſtructions you ſhall haue here-after:
Till then regarde your charge, and ſo farewell.

Enter with a drum, Barbaroſſa, *Soldiers.*

Lady, your ſelfe, with your two little babes,
I will take order ſhalbe ſent to *Rome*,
Be not diſmaid, you ſhall bee well intreated,
You ſhall want nothing fitting your eſtates,
March with vs on our way for *Capua.*

March Cæſar, Katherine, *her two boyes, Enſignes, Soldiers, Trumpets, Drums. Exeunt.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Alexander *out of his ſtudie.*

Alex. Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,
Heere I muſt act a Trage-comœdie,
Bernardo is it well confected and prepar'd?

According to my conference with *Rotsi.*

Bernardo *with a flaggon of wine and a boule*

Ber. He sent it as your Holines may see,
Safe sealed vp.

Alex. Fill me that bowle of wine,

Alexander *openeth a box and putteth in the powder.*

Ber. Tis a drowsie medicine, do not tast it my Lord,

Alex. Thou hast ben taster to me, many times,
Begin *Bernardo.*

Ber. My Lord I slept too much the last night and I dare not,

Alex. It holds good colour hold here *Bernardo,*
Giue good attendance, bring them to their rest,
Then giue me notice at my study doore.

Ber. One set was past before I parted from them,
And by this time they be well heated.

Aler. Sirra be diligent and seruiceable in this,
Euen as thou loues't thy maister. *Exit* Alexander *into his study.*

Ber. Feare me not?
Were it not that my conscience hath bene fyer'd,
With flames of purgatory by this Pope,
I neuer could endure such villany,
The best is he doth pardon all my sinnes. *Exit* Bernardo.

Enter Astor *and* Philippo *in their wast-coates with rackets.*

Ast. This set was strangely lost I durst haue wagerd,
An hunder'd ducats after the first chase.

Phi. You thinke you play well, but beleeue me brother,
You cannot take paines nor obserue a ball,
With that dexterity which appertaineth.

Ast. Holla within there if I take no paines,
My wastcote well can witnes for I sweate. *Enter Bernardo.*

Ber. Barber bring in some linnen for my Lords

Phil. Bring me some wine for I am very thirsty

Enter two Barbers with linen.

Ber. I listend for that string and he hath toucht it,

Bar. Wilt please your Lordship sit on this low chaire?

Phil.

Phi. Rub my head first then combe it,
Ast. Fill me some wine *Bernardo*,
Ber. Good my Lord coole your selfe a litle,
Ast. Giue me wine and let it be thy laboure good *Barnardo*
To call for musicke. Bernardo *deliuereth wine.*
Brother in this cup I commend the loues,
Of all true *Fauentines* our trusty friends,
Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.
Phs. I thanke you brother, if our father Pope
Performe his promise we shall soone returne.
Ast. This wine was good yet tasteth of the cask,
It hath a musty rellish.
Phi. Lets here this musicke,
After the barbers had trimmed and rubbed their bodies a litle, Astot *caleth.*
Ast. Holla within there.
Ber. My Lord.
Ast. I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repose my body.
Phil. I am some what heauy.
Ber. I know the cause,
Ast. And what *Bernardo*.
Ber. Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,
You must not be so vehement in play.
I knew a noble *French* man at *Anchona*,
Twenty yeares since at tennice tooke his death.
With ouer heating of him selfe in play.
They lay them selues vpon a bed and the barbers depart.
Phi. More musicke there.
after one straine of musicke they fall a sleepe:
Ber. My Lords are both a sleepe musicke depart.
And leaue them to their ease; alasse sweet boyes,
Is it not pitty that these noble branches,
So sweetly knit in one, should neuer wake?
I that am hard of heart sighe for their sake,
My Lord. Bernardo *knocketh at the study.*
Alex. What newes man?
Ber. Both fast a sleepe.

Alex. And both vpon one bed?
Ber. Tis done.
Alex: And chamber voyded?
Ber. All is performed my Lord.
Alex. My blessinge rest vpon thee my *Benardo.*
Depart now with those letters I deliuerd,
To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

Alexander vpon the stage in his cassock and night cap with a box vnder each arme.

Alexander *solus.*

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,
Now that the God of silence *Morpheus,*
Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,
Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,
Sleepe vntill you draw your lateſt breath,
Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and euill,
Oh were my soule as innocent as yours!
This office is of highest consequence,
In friendship for I consider it,
I sent you from a million of sorrows,
Into the flowry fields of Paradice.
Their to goe habit in the groues of mirtle,
To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar,*
A cup of euerlasting happines.
Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,
Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,
As the delight thereof shall neuer die.
Astor what *Astor* speake awake *Phillippo,*
Both fast a sleepe.

He stireth and moueth them opening both their bosomes.

Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,
What? peace *Astor* begins to talke I will attend.

Astor *speaketh in his sleepe.*

Ast. Faire gratious Angell of eternall light,
Which reacheſt out that hand of happines.
Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,
Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

Phili.

Phi. In his sleepe. Oh goulden light of neuer setting Sunne,
Harke brother *Astor* harke my soule is rapt,
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.
Alex. Doe they not sleepe? are they not yet a sleepe?
Be not their sences yet lockt vp in sleepe.

he stirreth them.

Astor awake awake, awake *Philippo.*
All safe and sure, oh this was but a dreame,
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,
And ioyfully they doe shake hands with death.

He draweth out of his boxes aspiks.

Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egiptian* slime,
Of seauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:

He putteth to either of their brests an Aspike.

Take your repast vpon these Princely paps.
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,
Ensigning these faire princely twins their death,
And you my louely boyes competitors,
With *Cleopatra* share in death and fate.
Now *Charon* stayes his bote vpon the strond,
And with a rugged for head full of wrath'
He thrusts a million from the shore of Stix,
To giue you waftage to the *Elisian* fields,
I see their coulors chang and death sittes heauy.
On their fayre foreheads with his leaden mace,
My birds are glutted with this sacrefice.

He taketh of the Aspiks *and putteth them vp in his box.*

What now proud wormes? how tasts yon princes blood.
The slaues be plump and round; in to your nests,
Is there no token of the serpents draught,
All cleere and safe well now faire boyes good-night.
Bernardo, Bernardo, the feate is done,
Vse thy discretion as I did direct. *Exit* Alexander.
Ber. Tis done in deed alasse they both be dead:
Now must I follow my directions,

Holla

Holla within there. *Enter Cardinall* Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.

Car. What newes *Bernardo*?

Ber. Alas my Lord ill newes,
But that his Holineſſe is faſt a ſleepe,
And this day ſtir'd not from his bed-chamber
I would haue brought him to this wofull ſight:
Prince *Aſtor* with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,
And being ouer-heated at their game,
Drinking ſo ſuddainly vpon that heate,
With much ſweete Wine did ſurfet inſtantly,
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

Bent. Alas it is a ruthfull ſpectacle,
Two princely boyes of noble diſpoſition,
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

Car. Of gracious fauour, wiſe, and liberall.
Phaenzaes hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,
His Holyneſſe will much bemone their fate.

Bent. My Lord, my Lord, I do not like of this.

Caraf. Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

Bent. It is ſuſpicious but we may not talke,
Come let vs in, oh God!

Car. Oh God what times are theſe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Guicchiardine.

After the bloudy Duke *Valentinoys*
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady,
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,
Then through inſidious ſleights and treacheries,
He did ſurprize the ſtate of *Camerine*,
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,
With his two ſonnes all which he ſtrangled,
With ſemblable tyranny proud *Cæſar*,
On termes of truſt meetes with the *Duke Grauina*,
And *Vitel'ozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:
Whome he betraide at *Sinigaglia*,
Bereauing them both of their ſtates and liues,
He conquereth *Vrbin*; and with violence,

Perſor-

Performeth ſtrange and hiddeous outrages.
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,
Cæſar is marching; what betyded there,
Endes in the ſubiect of this Tragedie.

ACTVS. 5. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Cæſar *after a floriſh of trumpets with Drumt, enſignes, ſoldiers,* Barbaroſſa, *Cardinall* Caraffa Bentiuogli. Baglioni.

Caſa. Now that by cunning force and pollicie,
All the free ſtates and citties of *Romania*
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.
And that our pikes and ſwordes in blood and ſlaughter,
Are ſtaind and ſheath'd quiet in our ſcaberds,
Our blood and wounds ſtanch'd and bound vp in ſcarfs,
Let vs for this could ſeaſon of the yeare,
Reſt vs and cheere our ſelues till the next ſpring.
And then march forward with alacrity.
Braue *Barbaroſſa* take theſe ſouldiers,
Vnto ſome quarter where by ſound of drum,
According to their muſter giue them pay,
Let them be ſatiſfied and ſo diſcharged.
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,
I thanke you for your paines and honeſties,
In token of our good heart to your ſeruice,
Wee giue each common ſoldier more then pay,
Two ducates: and all other officers,
According to their place redoubled,
With many thankes for your exceeding valor,
Aſſuring you that in theſe warres with vs,
Cæſar ſhall make you Captaines of your ſpoyles,
And ſo doth he commend you to your eaſe.

Sold. A *Cæſar* a *Cæſar* God ſaue *Cæſar*. *Exit* Barba.

Sound trumpets and a floriſh with drums marching with ſoldiers.

Cæſa. Sirra come hether you muſt wayte on me.
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentiuoli*,
Much thankes and deere acceptance of your loues,
I louingly returne for your great paines.
Caraff. His Holineſſe gaue vs in ſerious charge,
To giue you greeting and withall prepares
A ſumpteous feaſt for that ſolemnity,
To which he doth inuite the Cardinalls
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.
Cæſ. Humbly commend my duty to my father
Tell him this night I purpoſe to be with him,
Pointing at letters in his hand.
Tell him I liue in health and touching theſe,
I pray you certifie his Holineſſe,
I will haue ſpeciall care: and ſo my Lords
For a ſmall ſeaſon I will take my leaue.
Ben. We do congratulate your ſafe returne.
Exit Caraffa & Bent. Cæſar *looketh on his letters.*
Cæſ. Come hither *Baglioni* ſpeake ſincerely,
Knowſt thou *Brandino Rotſi* th' apothecary.
Bag. What I my gratious Lord? know I my ſelfe?
Cæſ. How ſhould I know that ſir?
Ba. May it pleaſe your highnes he ſerues his Holines.
Cæ. He did indeed ſomtime and for his villanies,
Is worthily caſt of; but tell me ſirra:
Thou do'ſt remember how for breach of armes
When thou didſt ſtab a certaine lance-prizado:
I pardon'd thee thy life.
Bag. True my good Lord I very well remember,
He was a lowſie villaine, marry was he,
And if he liued yet ſuch is my ſtomacke,
That were he chopt in mammockes I could eate him:
But for that honour in a ſouldiers word
Ile ſpend my life to do your highneſſe ſeruice.
Cæſ. Haſt thou thy peece then ready.
Bag. Oh my good Lord lies fix, ſound as a bell,

With

With all my warlike furniture beſide
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade
A ſlauiſh dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes
Here they beene.

Cæſ. Somtime this after-noone within the parke,
Next, to the *Vatican*, *Ratſie* wilbe:
And as I know thee ſtout and reſolute,
Bestow a bullet on him as he paſſeth;
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,
By my protection thou ſhalt be enlarged.

Bag. And if I do not my good Lord damme me for it
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,
He ſhall haue two ſteele bullets ſtrongly charg'd
Nay but heere me my Lord?
Ile tell you what,
By this true fox of ſteele
I had as good a ſpaniell for the water,
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine
Becauſe my dog did eate vp a pannado
Within his houſe; what did that *Spaniſh* roague?
What did he thinke you my Lord?
Marry very faire and inſtantly
Poyſon'd my ſpaniell with *Roſa-ſolis*,
A pox on him mither, faith ile pay him his olde ſippence for't now.

Cæſ. Take this to buy thee clothes my truſty ſeruant,
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.

Bag. Affeard my Lord
Were it a tempeſt in a ſhowre of gold
I would indure it and adore you for't.

Cæſ. Then *Baglion* fit thee, to thy furniture,
Watch in a corner cloſe beyond ſome tree:
And when the deed is done repaire to me:
Say that thy peece went off againſt thy will,
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaske and touch-box:
And take a murren with thee ſo fare-well;

Thus muſt I diue deepe in a villaines nature,
And thus muſt ſaue a villaine from the gallows
To play my partes in others purpoſes.
The man whome I to benefit would chooſe,
I muſt in matters of more moment vſe:
Or els I will not benefit a man,
And cut him of in ſeque'l if I can.

Bag. Here me, but my good Lord marke my words well,
If old *Henrilico* ſhrink in this ſeruice
Caſſeir him, call him whip-ſtock, let him periſh,
For want of *Spaniſh* wines, and maluaſie.

Caſ. Then faile not my true ſeruant finely, cloſely. *Exit Caſ.*

Bag. No more, but by this croſſe,
Why now this Noble *Caſars* like himſelf,
Hath fitted me with ſeruice: if the world,
Had ſought out ſom-what to content a man,
Nothing could better pleaſe old *Ballion*
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,
A *Spaniſh* ſquirt-vp, a black poyſning toade.
I like this trading better then the warres
For there I ſerue for two ducates a month,
And not a duck egge richer when I march
And in continuall hazard of my life
For which percaſe my peece kills twenty perſons:
Now ſhall I march in purſe with many ducates,
For one houres ſeruice but to kill one man,
Free from all danger of mine enemy,
I will about it and take vp my ſtand. *Exit.*

Enter Bernardo.

Bern. Thus doth one hideous act ſucceed an other,
Vntill the mouth of miſcheiſe be made vp:
Now muſt I traine my fellow to his death,
A deed of ruth and I did ſweare the ſame,
Not only for the ſecrecy thereof.

But to conceale a matter of more weight,
Of greater moment and high cruelty:
When any deed of murther must be done,
To serue his Holinesse, call for *Bernardo*.
He must be principall or accessary
To serue all purposes; for gold or pardone,
The Pope giues both; and I can take them both:
Gold can make hard the softest conscience,
And mine is harden'd by the practise of it.
Holla *Signeor Bandino*. *He knocketh at a dore,*

Enter Rotsie.

Rot. Who calls without there? what my good fellow *Bernardo*?
Very welcome: what newes with you?
Ber. My Lord hath sent me for the things he spake of.
Rot. Here they be very strong and sufficiently compounded
According to directions from his Holinesse,
And speciall warrant vnder his priuy signet
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:
For rapine and vile murther: but the first
Within lesse then one quarter of an houre,
Pust vp, grew leaprous and his heart strings broake;
Then did I giue allay the second time,
Enter Baglioni *with his peece.*
The second prizoner died within three houres
I did the third time mittigate, a little,
And saw when it was minister'd the third man,
Who did within eight houres swell, rage and die.
Ber. Well haue you done your part, set downe your bottels,
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentinoys*,
He setteth downe his bottels and walking readeth to himselfe.
Bag. Well sayd braue *Pincoginger*, by mine honour
Before I do this seruice lie there peece,
For I must haue a saying to those bottels, *He drinketh.*

True ſtingo ſtingo by mine honour. Oh that mine old friend and *Boccadillio Freſcobaldi* Weare heare aliue againe to taſte of this other bottle, Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke one healthTo *Freſcobaldi*, I will encounter with this ſtout *Hetorean, Greeke.*

Were *Meleager* here that ſlew the boore.
Like a *Boracchio* armed all in ſacke,
Or ſtoute *Achilles* in a pewter coate,
Or old *Aſſaracus* armed in a wicker lyrkin,
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather Iacket,
Lin'd and imboſt with Alligant and Hollock
By forch of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,
I would encounter them whilſt I could ſtand.
The ſlaues are buiſie reading their paphlagonian papers,
I muſt haue a ſaying to you ſir I muſt; though,
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,
Bould to be the Popes taſter by his leaue.
Now truſty *Troylus, baſe los manos.*

Rot Let him alone it is the Dukes pleaſure,
That if he will taſte he ſhall be ſuffered,
And therefore I was commanded to ſet them downe,
In preſence of ſuch a fellow whome for his ſawcineſſe,
I haue pepered.

Bern. Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him ſo well as I, beleeue me he would peper you for it if he vnderſtood ſo much, peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

Rotſi. Nay let him drinke and burſt, for beleeue me I was enform'd before of ſuch a tellowe; for whome I was commanded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he ſealeth death.

Brg. This is a Noble nipſter ifaith, ſo ſo. *He drinckth.* Backe againe to kennell ſlaue.

Rot. He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to ſerue him till he die, ſeeme not to reſpect him in any caſe doe I pray you.

Ber. Nay but doe not you reſpect him, leaſt he doubte you ſuſpect him.

Rot. Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs

turn

turne our talke. Tell his Holineſſe tis well compounded and compoſed of all thoſe drugges mentioned in your letter, giue the Duke right humble thankes for his token, and with all reuerence kiſſe his excellent hand.

Bern. And by this ſignet you are to deliuer me the bottles.

Rot. Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

Bernardo *receaueth the bottles.*

Ber. Farewell fellow *Rotſi.*

Rot. Adieu *Bernardo.*

Ber. Now doe not I pitty this *Spaniſh* villaine becauſe hee conſented to the poyſoning of this ſoldier, but for that I am innocent.

They goe forth two ſeuerall wayes and Rotſi *is ſhot by* Baglioni.

Bag. What is the wild gooſe fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore ſoldier ſpeake halfe a ſcore woords to your venemous worſhip and according to your accuſtomed ſurlineſſe haue no rep'yall: I beleeue you ſir, your wordes are not offenciue in any ſort I muſt confeſſe. Now thou infectious ſlaue, thou compictious Raſcal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you ſublimatum now ſir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poyſoned pullets in ſtued-broth? where bee they? you neuer drempt of a poyſoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor currigantino* will I romage in the worme eaten keele of your rotten hulke: paſſion of my ſou'e what papers are theſe. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here I marry ſir I like this well, a:e you ſo purſie ſir, this may ſerue to ſtop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you ſhow me with a ſhame to you, yea and maiſter of the ſmall ordinance to, this *Baſiliſk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous ſiruice in the Ile of *Iapan*, hold paſſion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou haſt poyſoned mee with thy ſtinking breath or with thy villonous powders. out a'aſſe a'aſſe what firie commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and ſuming, a plague on your

bottle

bottle ale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no remedie in all these extreame agonies! must draw this villeine further: and throw him into a ditch, *Deh veleno dell Diabolo*, farewell farewell my old *Shurcordillio Frescobldi*: farewell Madam *Sempronia*, for in conscience I am guilty of mine owne death oh the pangs of hell and purgatory ; come you lowsie Raskall I will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

He draweth in Rotsi *by the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.

Alexander, Cæsar Borgia.

Alex. Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,
The fatall wine.
Ces. I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,
Hauing them safely seald with mine owne signet,
That when feasting I do call for wine,
He shall breake vp the seales and fill that out,
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.
Alex. Tis well, now if our plot proue right,
Thou shalt be maister of much welth to night,
Dying in estate all comes to my share,
Caraffa loues a sallet passing well,
And I haue fitted one to serue his turne,
Their gould will make thy soldiers fight in blood,
And winge thy victories with good successe.
Ces. Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,
By this the Cardinalls expect our presence.
Alex. On with auspicious steps triumphant *Cæsar*.
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

Exit.

SCÆ.

SCÆ. 4.

Sound loud musicke: a cuppord of plate brought in. Enter with bottles Bernardo *with the bottleman.*

Ber. Haue spetiall care you that haue these in charge,
That these two sealed bottels be not stird,
Vntill his Holines call for that wine
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

Sound trumpets solemnly, enter a table spread, Viandes brought in: after the trumpets sound drums and fif; enter Alexander *in his pontificalls, after him* Cornetto *with* Cæsar, Barbarossa *with* Modina, Bentiuoli *with* Caraffa, *the Pope taketh his place, three Cardinalls on one side and captaines on thother.*

Alx. Martiall your selues heere sworne-men and there Church-men.
Cæs. Here sit we swordmen to defend the Church.
Alex. My Lords giue answere in sinceritie,
Hath not my *Cæsar* tought well for the Church?
That hath so soone subiected in her right,
Imola, Furly, Camerino, Capua,
Vrbine, Faenza, Sinegaglia.
Braue *Cæsar* I must bost of it in presence,
That I Christes vicare of his Church on earth,
Haue such a sonne which issued fuom my loynes,
That being vicare of the Churches warres,
Hath in reuolution of one year,
Done more then all the generalls haue done,
In honor of our Church for fortie yeares,
Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,
Your barrons and indeed all christendome
Are bound to giue God thankes for such a Prince.

And him great honor for his fortitude.

The Devill commeth and changeth the Popes *bottles.*

Mod. Your excellence did in a blessed hower.
Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,
Betaking you to burganet and armes,
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

Car. Ifaith my Lord and soe we haue all of vs good cause to reioyce, would I had bene with your excellence at *Capua*, I would had one bout with them as old as I am.

Cæs. You might my Lord haue had your choyse of Ladies,
Bewtifull prisoners to be sent to *Rome*.

Cara. I marry my Lord some what might haue beene said to this geere *in diebus illis*, but *transeant cum ceteris erroribus*, would to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*, faith then I could haue swingd a sword and a buckler, and I did that then wil being but a springall of 24. yeares which be talkt of in *Padua* these 40. yeares I warrant it faith my Lord were I so lusty now I would goe with you to the warres this next spring thats flat, wil you eate any sallet my Lord, faith here are excellent herbes if you loue them.

Cæsa. They be my Lord too cold for my stomacke, wilt please you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring me some wine here.

Alex. Bring me some wine here I will drinke a loy to *Cæsar* and this Noble co mpany.

Cæs. Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo*.

Wine is brought to Alexander.

Alex. *Cæsar* your selfe are master of this feast,
I drinke a good successe and victory,

Alexander *drinketh, trumpets sound.*

To *Cæsar* and great happines to all.

Cæsar *drinketh.*

Cæsa. Happy successe and fortune to you all.

Alex. Hold *Cæsar*; stay for wee are poysoned,

rush from the table.

Cæsar

Cæs. My Lord it is all of.

Alex. Then art thou quite vndone.

Cæs. Some villanous conspiracie lyes hid
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine
Cæsar *stabbeth* Bernardo.
Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy soule to hell,
I feele the raging of it.

Corn. Away my Lord. *Modina* come away,
This traine was laide of purpose for our liues.

Medi. Our refuge and defence is from aboue,
Let Sathan worke, he neuer shall preuaile.
Exit Corn. *and* Modina.

Careff. How doth my gratious Lord.

Alex. Oh very sick: bring me preseruatiues,
I thinke I haue as good as any man. Alex. *to his studie.*

Cæs. My Lord *Bentiuogli* take heere my keyes,
You know my study, search my Cabbinet,
There shall you finde a little Christall Phiall,
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet bring it hether straight,
I feele *Vesenus* raging in my guttes. *Exit.*

Alex. Heere *Cæsar* taste some of this precious water,
Against all plague, poison, and pestilence
A present helpe: I bought it of a Iew,
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*. Cæsar *tasteth.*

Cæs. My Lord it is too forceable and hotte.

Alex. The flames of *Mongibell* consume my liuer,
Bring me to some repose.

Careff. Comfort your selfe my Lord.

Alex. *Cæsar* take rest,
Send for Physitions, all my feare remaines
That *Cæsar* shall miscarry.

Cæs. And all my griefe that both.
Noble *Bentiuogli* with-draw we both,
Vnto my Chamber, I am very sick. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Astaroth and calleth.

Asta. *Belchar*, *Belchar*, *Belchar*;
Bel. *Varca*, *Varca*, *Varca*,
Var. *Astaroth*, *Astaroth*, *Astaroth*.
The diuills meete and embrace.
Asto. Let *Orcus Erebus* and *Acheron*,
And all those Ghosts which haunt the pitchy vaultes
Of cole black hags in *Cimerian* shades
Muster themselues in numbers numberlesse,
To daunce about the Ghost of *Alexander*.
Var. Our firy region voyd of all religion,
And diuilish order by necessity,
Compell'd requires his present policy.
Bel. That fatall wine which for his Cardinalls,
He destined I tooke out of the place:
And plac'd his owne wine for those Cardinalls.
Bar. The date of his damnation is at hand.
Asta. Be ready then for I the first will beare,
As swift as wirl-winde his black soule to *Stix*.
Bel. And I with poysned toads will stop his mouth,
Whose heart was neuer satisfied with lust.
Asta. And I with snakes and stinging *Scorpions*
Will scourge him for his pride and insolence.
Var. And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,
And pull them till he stretch an achor length.
Bel. And for his auarice I will fill his paunch,
With store of moulten gold and boyling leade.
Asto. Then let vs for his sake a horne-pipe treade.
They dance an antick.

CEN.

SCEN. *Vltima.*

Alexander vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in his ſtudy looking vpon a booke, whilſt a groome draweth the Curtaine.

Alex. You talke of pennance and of penitence,
Compunction with contrition and remiſſion
For all my ſinnes; I pray you thinke of yours
You vex your ſelues too much I cannot thank you,
Haue patience ſirs; oh tis a goodly *exorciſme*
Quem penitet peccaſſe pene eſt innocens
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call
Eyther mere fooles or good phiſitions all.

They place him in a chayre vpon the ſtage, a groome ſetteth a Table before him.

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,
Leaue me I pray you.
Caraf. We leaue our praiers with your Holineſſe,
Call vpon God, thinke of his endleſſe bounty.
Ale. Pray for your ſelues, troble not me with praiers,
I pray you troble not your ſelues with praying.
Alex. ſolus. What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?
He looketh vpon a booke.
Why repentance is a ſpirituall martiredome,
Which mortifieth ſinnes and heales the ſoule:
Hauing beene wounded with the ſpirits ſword
This ſword Gods booke: that booke by me profain'd
And by which booke of God my ſoule is damn'd,
I damn'd vndoubtedly.
Oh wretched *Alexander*, ſlaue of ſinne
And of damnation; what is he that can
Deliuer thy poore ſoule? oh none but he
That when thou didſt renounce him caſt of thee,
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

Oh why should miserable mortall man,
Whose languishing breath liues in his nostrills
Vex and torment himselfe with dayly trauell
To scrape vp heapes of gold to gape for honors?
What were the conquests of great *Alexander*:
Of *Cyrus*, *Cayus Cæsar*? what were it
To be possessed of this vniuerse
And leaue it all behind him in a moment?
Might some one man attaine that happinesse
Which our first *Adam* had in *Parradice*,
Before he did preuaricate? why then
It were a worke of lasting worthinesse
To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*
For treasure; and to conquer all the world,
Because eternity would promise it,
Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer
And yet I feare it not: though in security
Once more I will with powrefull exorcismes,
Inuoke those Angells of eternall darkenesse
To shew me now the manner of death.

Alexander *draweth the Curtaine of his studie where hee discouereth the diuill sitting in his pontificals*, Alexander *crosseth himselfe starting at the sight.*

Diu. What dost thou start foule child of reprobation
Vaine are thy crosses, vaine all exorcismies,
Those be no fruites of faith but mere hypocrisie:
Signa te signa temerè me tangis & angis
Roma *tibi subito motibus ibit amor.*
Rome Which once was thy gorgeous concubine
Hath now forsaken thee: now doth she finde,
Thy falshood which did her adulterate
What dost thou tremble slaue of sinne and hell?

Alexander *taketh his booke of Magicke, the Diuil langheth.*

Alex. I exorcise thee foule malignant spirit
In the names of, of, of ——————
Diuil. Of what? foule mouth, polluted soule?
Corrupted flesh; God hath forsaken thee,
Thy date expired is, thy powre determined.
Alex. Dissolue, dissolue, break, breake, black soule dissolue,
And poyson all this hem sphere with sinne.
Diu. Thy death and dissolution stand at dore,
Resolue now to dissolue, thy soule is ours.
Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor, to great *Iehouah*,
Father of lies my time is not expir'd
I will not do that violence to God,
Taking that which is his from him
To be bestow'd on his great enemy.
Diu. Thou that hast throwne those graces in his face,
How canst thou think vpon saluation?
Think that th'art damn'd, I will declare it plainely.
They sit togither.
Alex. Seauen years are yet to come, I look for them.
Diu. Examine thy soule with this counterparte.
Alex. Behold it? is it not for eight years & & daies?
Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,
Numbers without distinction placed thus,
Annos with the figure 11. signifying eleuen years, & the figure,
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing seauen daies.
Alex. How? how? how? how? howes that?
Deh quella malitia del Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.
And for what stands this figure then?
Diu. Why for eighteene this figure stands for *octauo* referred
vnto *dis* last before, signifying th'eight day after, so that *Annos
vndecem* without distinction signifying eleuen years; and this
figure seauen added to daies; and that *octauo post*, importing the
eight day following, *moriere*, thou shalt die. I meane thy bodie
with thy soule in respect of Heauen.
Thus many daies hast thou continued Pope,
And this is thy last day design'd by fate.

Alex.

Alex. Thou canſt not mock me with thy Sophiſtrie,
My ſoule is more diuine and cannot periſh.
Diuil. Thy ſoule foule beaſt is like a Menſtruous cloath,
Poluted with vnpardonable ſinnes.
Alex. Know then malignant Angell of confuſion,
My ſoule is a diuine light firſt created
In likneſſe liuely formed to the word,
Which word was God, that God the cauſe of cauſes,
My ſoule is ſubſtance of the liuing God,
Stampt with the ſeale of heauen, whoſe Carracter
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.
Diuil. And what of that? thou therein haſt no part,
I do confeſſe thy ſoule was firſt ordayn'd
To good: but by free-will to ſinne thou ſlaue,
Haſt ſold that ſoule from happineſſe to hell.
Alex. Marke yet what I can anſwer for this ſoule.
Mightie *Iehouah* moſt exuperant,
Two creatures made in feature like himſelfe,
The world and man: world reaſonable and immortall,
Man reaſonable, but diſſoluble and mortall,
And therefore man was called *Microcoſmus*,
The little world, and ſecond tipe of God,
Conteyning thoſe high faculties and functions,
And elements which are within the world.
Man then that doth participate with all,
Through operation, conuerſation, and ſimboliſation,
With matter in the ſubiect properly,
With th'elements in body quadrifarie,
With growing plants in vertue vegitatiue
In ſence with beaſts; with heauens by th'influence
Of the ſuperiour ſpirits into th'inferiour
In wiſedome and capacitie with Angels,
With *Eloym* in that great continent,
Is without doubt preſerued by that God,
Finding all things conteined in himſelfe.
Diuil. Anſwer me vaine Philoſopher to this,

Thou

Thou that hast planted man in this perfection,
Not looking on thy detestable soule,
Which first like a pure leafe of whitest Lilly,
Cleere from all blemish was bestow'd by God,
And thou foule beast didst shamefully polute it.
Is it not one of humaine faculties,
To propose for your selues the best you can,
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,
Make them-selues bond-slaues to the present time.
The scope of mans creation was to glorifie
The most all potent maker of all things,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bounti e.
But he that wilfully betrayes this soule,
That pretious Iewell wherein God delights,
Dishonors God and doth depriue himselfe,
Of all saluation and beatitude.

Alex. Rest with this answer, that my soule is Gods
Whose habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.
First it doth know God being figured
According to that Image of himselfe,
And then the world whose liuely shape it beares,
And to conclude, the soule of man knowes all,
Because with all things it doth simbolize,
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,
A quickning word and a celestiall spirit,
That like a lightning euery way diffused,
All things which are made by the mighty power,
Vniteth, moueth, and repleniſheth.

Dio. These things should haue beene thought vpon before,
The *summum bonum* which liues in the soule,
Is an eternall pleasure to behold,
And haue fruition of the mightie power.
Which thou didst neuer see, nor canst en. oy.

Alex. Pawse yet a little, let me meditate,

Alexander *holdeth vp his hands wringing and sobbing crying.*

Mercy, mercy, mercy; arise arise: vp, vp, vp: fy, fy: no, no? stirre
stubburne, stonie, stiff indurate heart, not yet, vp. why, what? wilt
thou not foule traytor? to my soule? not yet?

The Diuill laugheth.

Arise, arise, aduaunce heart clogg'd with sinne,
Oppressed with damnation: vp aduaunce yet.
Wilt thou not stirre stiffe heart? what am I damn'd?
Yet a little, yet a little, oh yet: not yet? alas.
High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,
Vnto the soule of sinfull man shew mercy,
Mercy good Lord, oh mercy, mercy, mercy
Oh saue my soule out of the Lyons pawes.
My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,
My soule, my doue, couer with siluer wings,
Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,
Help, help, help, aboue, stirre, stirre, stupidity.

Diu. He charmes in *Dauids* words with *Iudas spirit*,

Alex. It will not, no it will not, yet alas, no, no, no? is that my
sentence to damnation?
I am vndone, vndone.

Diuill. He shall dispaire, vassall of sinne and hell,
Prouide thy selfe in black dispaire to dwell.

He ceazeth on his face.

Alex. I tell thee I cannot be resolu'd,
To dwell in darkenesse breake black soule dissolue,
And poyson all this Hemisphere with sinne,

Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and groneth whilst the diuill laugheth at him.

Alex. And if I may not reach that happinesse,
Since for my sonnes sake I my selfe inthral'd,
Tell me shall *Cæsar* die this death with me?

Diuill. *Cæsar*; his youth and strength of blood driues out
This fatall poyson and shall liue a while.

Alex. Oh shew me then the manner of his death,

Diu. Attend it time growes short all feare is past.

The

The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes *Ghost, and after her the ghost of* Candie *stabbed.*

Alex. What meanes that ghastly shadow which came first?

Diuil. By that which represents *Lucretia*,
Leprous and poisoned is thy death declar'd,
By poyson which now struggleth with thy spirits,
And by that other which sets out to thee,
The murther of thy sonne the Duke of *Candy*,
Prefigur'd is the death of thy sonne *Cæsar*,
Thou for the poysoning of thy daughter poysoned:
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

Alex. Thus God is onely iust.

Diu. The Diuill cannot deny it.

Alex Man onely false.
Learne miserable wretched mortall men,
By this example of a sinfull soule,
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,
Of cruell Empire and impietie,
Of prophanation and Apostacie,
Of brutish lust, falsehood, and perfidie,
Of deepe dissembling and hypocrisie,
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me
To saue your soules, though I condemned be.

Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Post.

1 *Diu.* Here comes a fatall message, I must hence. *Exit.*

Alex. My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,
Bring me my roabes, or take away my life,
My roabes, my life, my soule and all is gone.

Alexander *falleth in an extasie vpon the ground.*

2. *Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,
Am I sent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,
To guide thy spirit to the gates of death,
Therefore I summon thee to come with speed,
For horrizons now stand thee not insteed.

Alexander *aduanceth a little.*

Alex. Horror and horror, feare ensueth feare,

Torment with tormentes is Incompaſſed:
Diſpaire vpon diſpaire, damnation
Vpon damnation, hell and conſ ence,
Murther, luſt, auarice, impiety,
Vaine prophanation and apoſtacie,
Rage and diſtraction tiranize: away,
Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

Diuill. away, away. *The Diuill windeh his horne in his eare and there more diuills enter with a noiſe incompaſſing him, Alexander ſtarteth.*

Alex. Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where when, why, deaf, ſtrike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas, alwaies burning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending, neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whether, whether, thether,

Diuills. Thether, thether, thether,

Thunder and lightning with feareſull noiſe the diuells thruſt him downe and goe Triumphing.

Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.

Bent. What is he dead?

Car. Dead, and in ſuch a faſhion,
As much affrights my ſpirits to remember,
Thunder and fearfull lightning at his death,
Out cries of horror and extremity.

Bent. Cauſe all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,
Rome is redeemed from a wicked Pope.

Car. God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,
His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,
And giue him praiſe that tooke away your ſhame.

Bent. Goe your proceſſion, ſing your letinies,
And let your Churches through with multitudes,
Banquets and bonfiers through the Citty make.
In ſigne our Church is freed from infamy,

Car. Euen as his ſpirit was inflate with pride,

Behold

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyſon,
His corps ſhall be conuaied to ſaint *Peeters*,
Open for all beholders, that they may
See the reward of ſinne, amend and pray.

Guicchiardine.

Th'omnipotent great guider of all powers,
(Whoſe eſſence is pure grace, and heauenly loue,
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,
Bearing a taſte of his eternall vertue)
So ſemblably doth he with terror ſtrike,
In heauie vengeance ſinnes deteſtable:
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,
Our ſceane did repreſent in *Alexander*,
Flagicious Ceſar his ambicious ſonne,
Reſeru'd for more calamities to come,
After he was impriſoned by the Church,
Eſcap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:
Where in an ambuſh at *Viano* ſlaine,
Iuſt *Nemeſis* repaide his treacherie.

Epilogus.

HEroicke and beneuolent ſpectators,
Your gratious eares, and curious obſernations,
Iuditious cenſures, and ſweete clemencie,
Haue thus addreſt our Tragick Theater,
T'exchange contentment, for benignitie:
Humbly deuoted to your good deſires.
For ſome delight, cauſe of diſcourſe for others,
For all example, and for none offence,
Your fauours are a royall recompence.
Which when our loftie Muſes ſhall perceiue,
Then in more pompous and triumphant ſtate,
Your eyes with glory ſhall the deed receaue
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate.
By me thoſe perſons which our Scene preſented,
Kiſſe all your hands, and wiſh you well contented.

FINIS.